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- missing pp. 21 to 23

~~None~~

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# Stovepipe Serenade

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## 318th FIS

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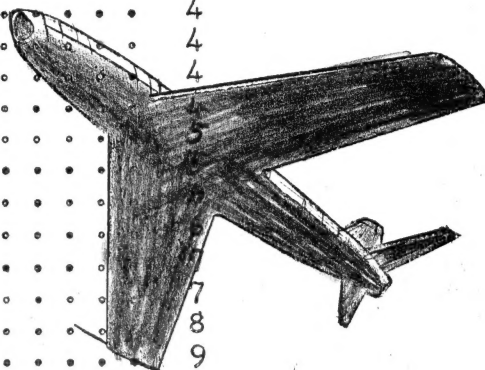


STOVEPIPE SERENADE

1956 Edition

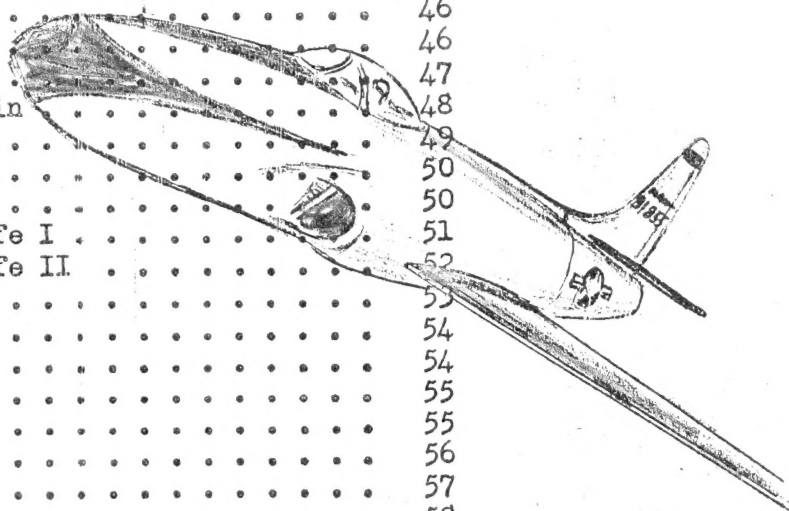
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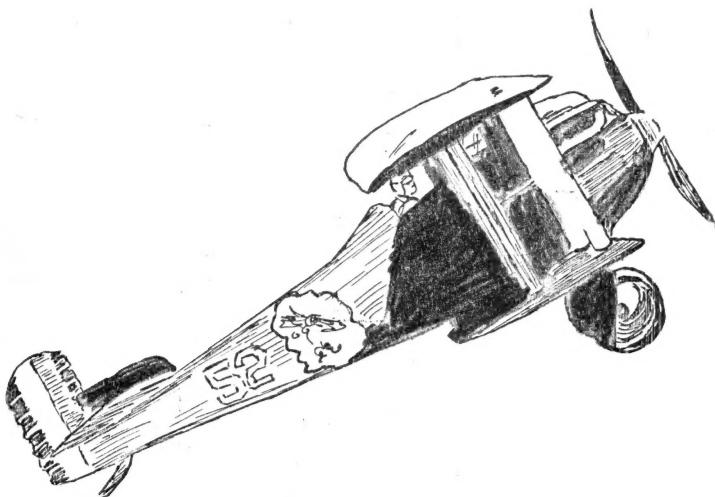
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### INTRODUCTION TO THE 1956 EDITION

The 1954 Edition of "Stovepipe Serenade," seventy-five copies in all, has by now found its way to pilot's lounges as far away as Alaska, Japan, and England. The 1956 Edition has been prepared for the many people who wrote in requesting song books after the supply of Edition 1954 had been exhausted. Here you are, you patient people, and I hope you will consider the wait worth while. All of the songs from the 1954 Edition are included, plus many, many new ones.

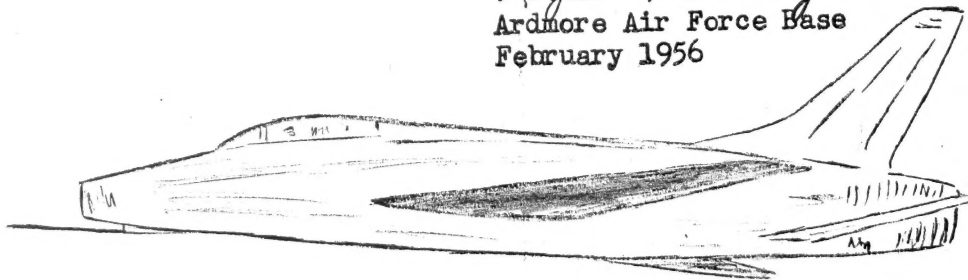
Occasionally you will find several versions of such songs as "A Fighter Pilot Lay Dying" and "I Wanted Wings." Many of the songs currently popular with today's birdmen were sung by their fathers and uncles in the First World War and have subsequently appeared in various forms. They are included for historical interest.

In every case where the tune to a song was known, it has been indicated. If you come across a song such as "I Wanted Wings" or "Come on and Join the Air Force" and don't know the tune, ask around and chances are you'll find some old-timer who knows it. If you become desperate, give me a call and I'll try to help you out. (No collect calls at 2 A.M. please!)

Suggestions, comments and contributions to a 1957 Edition are earnestly solicited. While they last, copies of this edition are available on request.

Happy Singing!

*Logan Bentley*  
Ardmore Air Force Base  
February 1956





## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It would be impossible to list individually all the people who assisted in the preparation of this collection. A partial list follows, as well as a list of song books given or loaned to me which were used extensively in "Stovepipe Serenade." Every effort has been made to give proper credit where it is due.

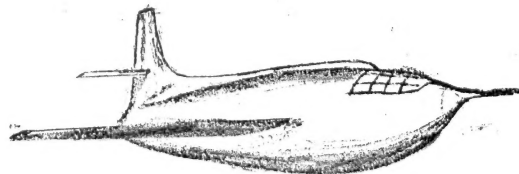
The publication of "Stovepipe Serenade" would not have been possible without the loyal assistance of some Troop Carrier types who would blush to have their names mentioned in a book devoted for the most part to fighter-type songs. To them I am most grateful. Remember, you jet jockeys, lest you make a snide remark about "Trash Carriers"!

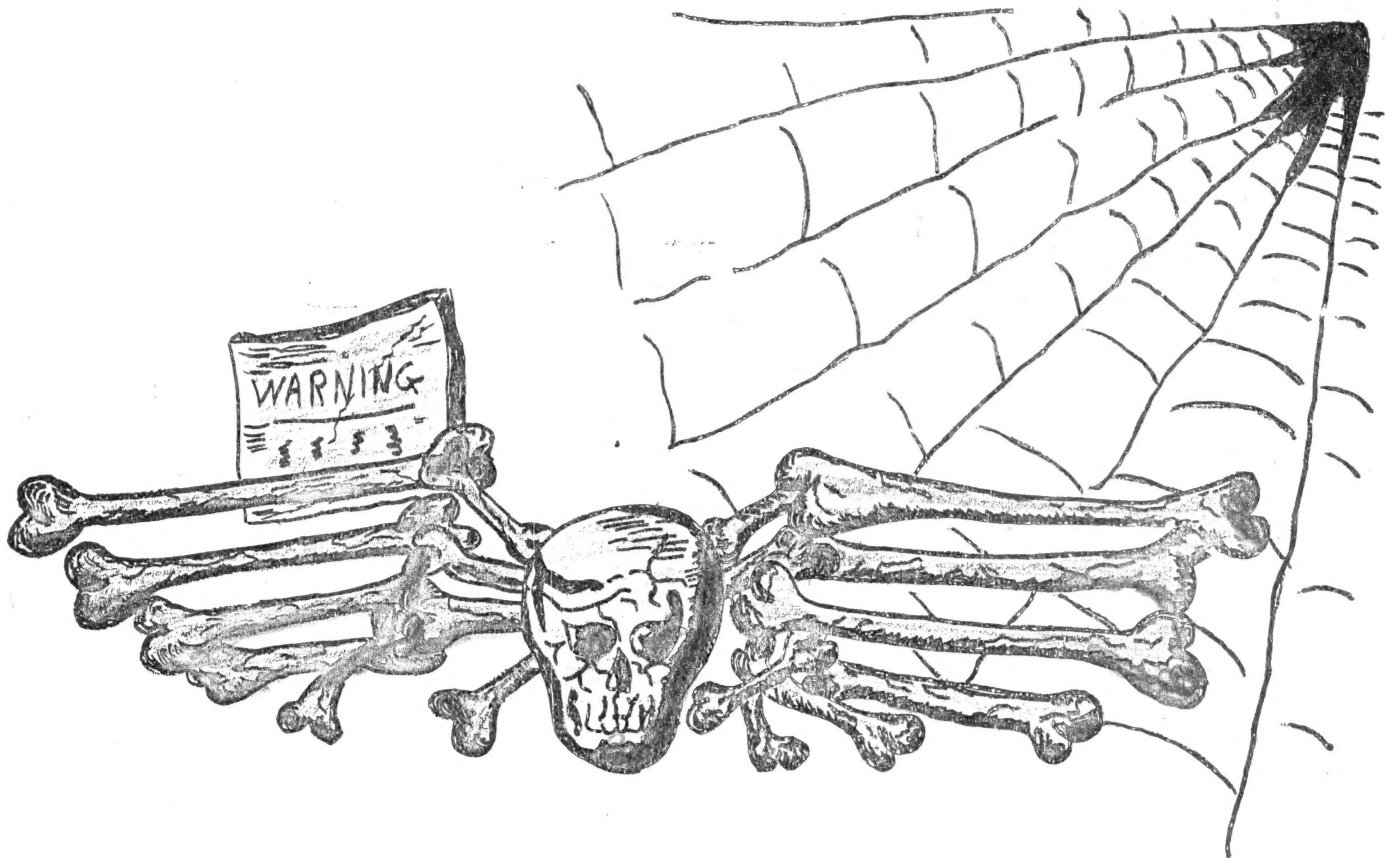
My heartfelt thanks also go to Mrs. Stanley G. Houghtby, who started me on this project four years ago; Lt. Robert Binderim, who assisted nobly in the time-consuming and tedious editing of the collection and who contributed many fine illustrations; Miss Gay McIver, who helped with much of the typing; and to my own wonderful father and mother, who have put up with me these many years and stood loyally by during my struggles with "Stovepipe Serenade."

Capt. Clark B. Smith  
Capt. John J. Eickholt  
Capt. George S. Thomas  
Capt. Thomas E. Perfili  
Capt. Albert T. Hamby  
Capt. Bruce D. Jones  
Col. Leland Johnson  
Capt. Van Steenberg  
Lt. Donald R. D'Amico  
Capt. Peter B. Van Brussel

Capt. Francis N. Satterlee  
Capt. James A. "Red" Pryor  
Capt. Robert F. Daley  
Capt. R. L. Hellwege  
Capt. James F. Low  
Capt. James Jordan  
Mr. Penny Bower  
Lt. John S. Robertson  
Capt. Harry E. Mulholland  
Fairchild Aircraft Corporation

"Songs of the Army Flyers," published 1937 by Order of the Dadelians  
"Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Wing" compiled 1952 by Willy Williams  
"Songs of the Friendly 8th" compiled by the 8th Bomb Squadron, 3d Bomb Wing, Korea  
"Songs of Squadron Officers Course," compiled 1953  
"Songs of 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled 1954 at Hamilton Air Force Base, California. (325th has been re-designated 83d FIS)  
"Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" compiled 1952 by Capt. George S. Thomas  
"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" published by 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing, Korea  
"Songs of the 327th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled by Mr. Penny Bowers, North American Aviation, Korea  
"Songs of Nellis Air Force Base" contributed by Lt. Jim Guffey  
"The Three Hats," Volumes I and II  
"GI SONGS," published by Sheridan House, N.Y., 1944  
"The American Songbag" published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, N.Y., 1927  
"So Little Time" published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1943





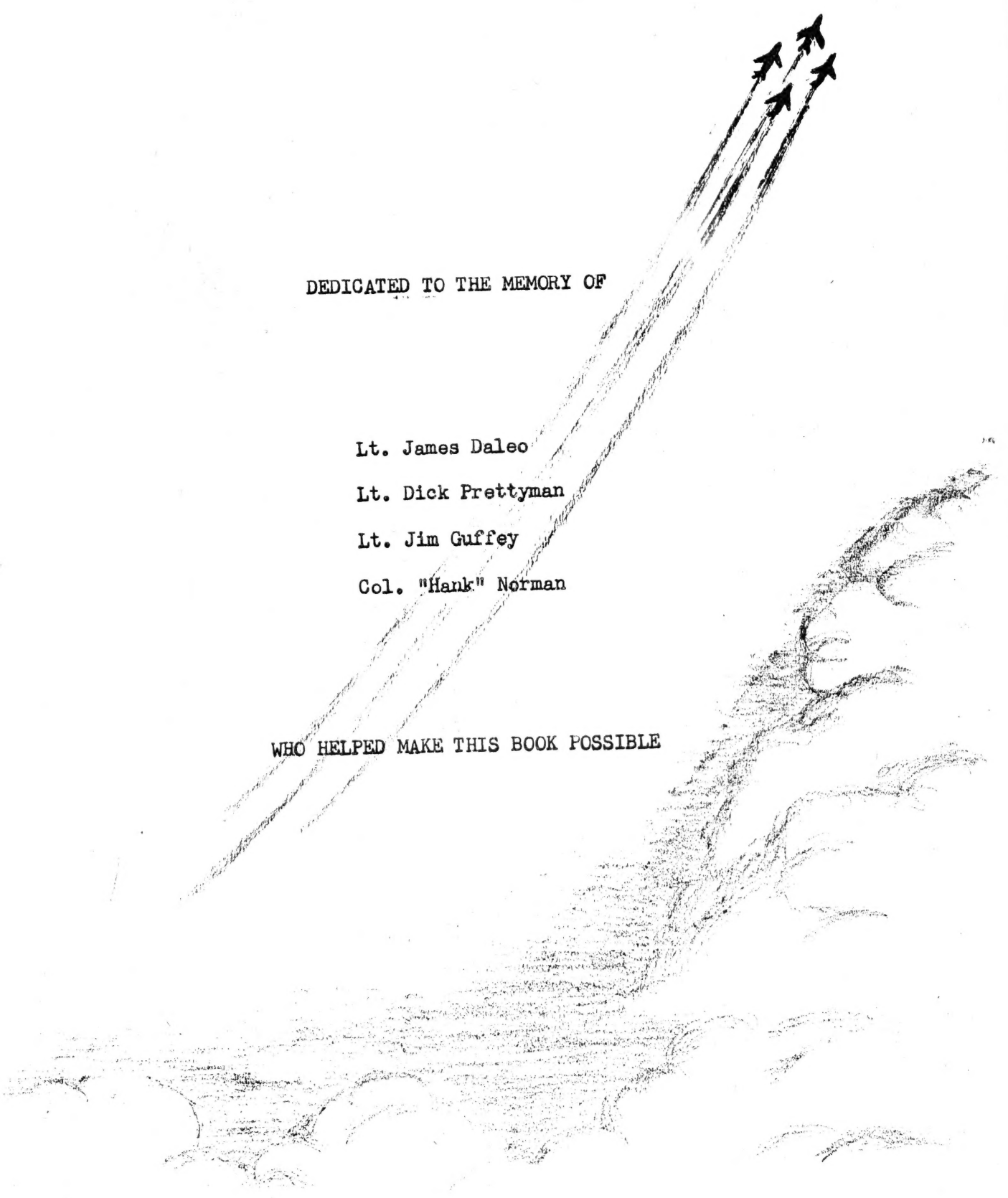
This is a "word of warning" - a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of these lyrics were adopted to the Korean "situation" after becoming popular among the same warriors during World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg.

It follows, therefore, that they are not the product of a particular degenerate generation. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field, no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, dehydrated potatoes and dysentery.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

(From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)





DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

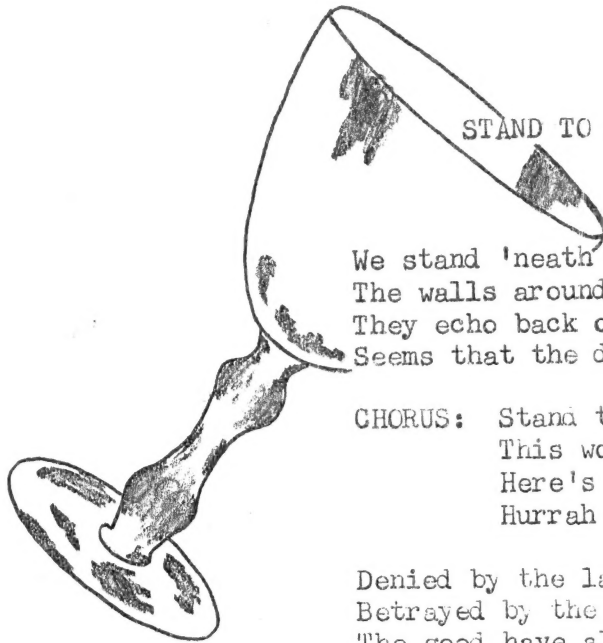
Lt. James Daleo

Lt. Dick Prettyman

Lt. Jim Guffey

Col. "Hank" Norman

WHO HELPED MAKE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE



# STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters  
The walls around are bare  
They echo back our laughter  
Seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady  
This world is a world of lies  
Here's a health to the dead already  
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us  
Betrayed by the ones we held dear  
The good have all gone before us  
And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight  
We spin in the silvery dawn  
With a trail of smoke behind us  
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel  
With wings of wood and steel  
For mortal stakes we gamble  
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

(Verses of this song appear as part of several other songs included in this collection. This is believed to be close to the original song which came out of the first world war, and is copied in its entirety from "Songs of the Army Flyers.")



## PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)



Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys  
Parties, Banquets, and Balls  
As President Truman has said before  
There's only one way to stay out of a war  
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys,  
Parties, Banquets, and Balls  
We'll have Parties and Banquets  
And Banquets and Parties  
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

## PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So-o-o-o-o Let's have a party!



We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
We're never too busy to say hello  
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO!

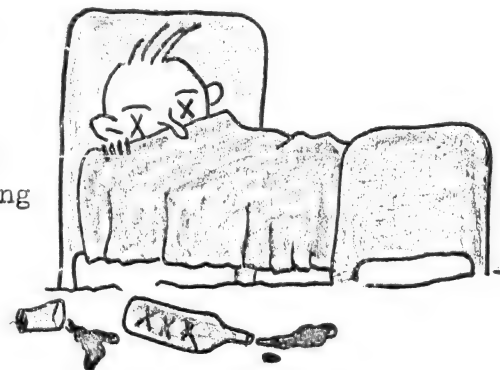
## SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5  
You've heard so much about  
Mothers keep their daughters in  
Whenever we go out!

We're always full of whiskey  
We're always full of booze  
Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5  
Now who the hell are yooze?

As we go marching  
And the band begins to P-I-A-Y  
You can hear the people shouting  
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz  
3-2-5 on parade!

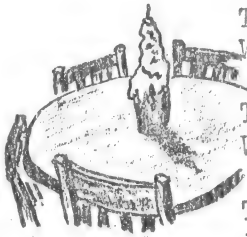
Whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, whowawa  
Who owns this club, the people cried  
We own this club  
We own this club  
Three twenty fifth squadron we replied!!



Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil  
Lives on top of garbage hill  
Never took a bath  
Never will  
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil!

# WE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU SANG

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, we heard you when you sang  
We don't like it, but we'll listen,  
For tomorrow you'll probably prang.



This is table number one,  
Number one, number one,  
This is table number one,  
Where in the hell is two?

This is table (Squadron number)  
Who in the hell are you?

This is table BEST OF ALL  
BEST OF ALL, BEST OF ALL  
This is table BEST OF ALL  
Who in the hell are you?



# BEER SONG

For it's beer, beer, beer,  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the corps, in the corps  
For it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Tro-o-o-p Carrier Corps!

My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have (HI) not (HO) brought my  
Specs with me!

Whiskey that makes you feel so frisky  
Gin that makes you want to sin  
Vodka that makes you feel to hotka  
Old Saturn that makes your belly burn  
Old Vermouth that makes you feel uncouth  
Bourbon that makes you feel so chirpe  
Wine that makes you feel so fine





# ONE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

One hand on the throttle

(Repeat)

One hand on the bottle

(Repeat)

Both feet in my pockets

(Repeat)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder

.... Crash!

Fighter Squadron

I love a billboard, I always will

A sexy billboard gave me

My first thrill

When I was only a little child

A sexy billboard drove me wild.

HERE'S TO

Here's to , he's true blue

was a drunkard through and through

was a drunkard, so they say

Oh he might go to heaven, but he went

the other way.

So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug

So drink

OLD  
PASSER

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun

let's have a party, the Fighter Group is here

tonight

break right, break left, streamers off the wing

Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything

We are the joy boys from Itazuke

hello, hello, hello, hello-o-o!

## HISTORY OF A SONG

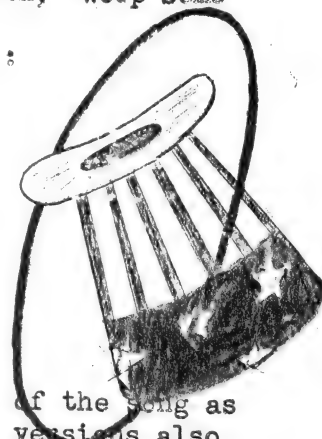
The following example is offered to show how a song has remained consistently popular with the troops for over forty years.

"The Passing Pilot," as it was called in the First World War, is a universal favorite today under the title "Beside a Korean (Guinea) Waterfall." The best explanation of its origin I have been able to find appears in the introduction to John P. Marquand's book, "So Little Time."

Mr. Marquand says: "... a song about 'looking for a happy land where everything is bright' has been used frequently and is seldom quoted in exactly the same way, since it was a parody fashioned in the First World War and still, as far as can be discovered, is word-of-mouth. It was parodied from a song, 'The Dying Hobo' which appears in the anthology by Sigmund Spaeth, 'Weep Some More, My Lady.'"

On page 548 of "So Little Time" the following lines appear:

"We're going to a happy land  
Where everything is bright  
Where the highballs grow on bushes  
And we stay out every night  
Where you never lift a finger  
Nor even darn your socks  
And little drops of Haig and Haig  
Come trickling down the rocks."



On this and the following two pages are presented versions of the song as sung in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Similar versions also appear in the following collections: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of Nellis AFB."

### THE PASSING PILOT I

Beside a Belgian water tank one cold and wintry day  
Beneath his busted engine a young observer lay  
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole but not entirely dead  
And he listened to the last words this young observer said:

Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
Where handouts grow on bushes and they stay out late at night  
You do not have to work at all nor even change your socks  
And drops of Johnny Walker come trickling thru the rocks.

The pilot breathed his last few gasps before he passed away  
I'll tell you how it happened, the flippers fell away  
The motor wouldn't work at all, the ailerons flivered to  
A shot went thru the gas tank and let the gas leak thru.

The spirits left their bodies and as they upward flew  
Said pilot to the observer I'll tell you what we'll do  
We'll get old Pete to give us wings and back to earth we'll fly  
And we'll haunt those god-damned Ki-wis until the day they die.

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

## BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel one bleak November day,  
Beside a busted DH-4 a brave young pilot lay.  
His arms and legs were shattered, the tank had conked his head  
We all knew he was going west, but e're he died he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, they souse there every night,  
Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees, and every one stays tight.  
Where bugles never blow at all, where no one winds the clocks,  
And drops of Johnnie Walker come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off, but as he passed away,  
We saw his lips were moving, "My friends, it was this way.  
The goddamned motor wouldn't hit, the struts were far too few,  
A tracer hit the gas tank, and the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, where motors always run,  
Where housewives hand out juleps, and pilots grow a bun.  
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals, and not a bloody flamin' fow  
And absinth frappes, sool and stout are served at every store."  
("The Three Hats," Vol. I)

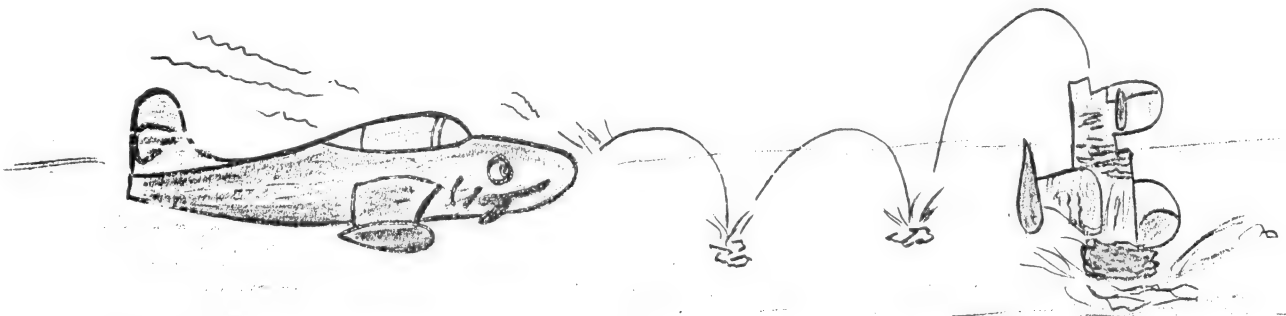
## THE PASSING PILOT II

Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away  
Beneath a busted Camel, its former pilot lay;  
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head,  
And, coughing a shower of dental work, these were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land -- they jazz there every night;  
The cocktails grow on the bushes, so every one stays tight;  
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,  
And little drops of whiskey come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:  
"I'll tell you hoe it happened. My flippers didn't stay.  
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,  
A bullet hit the gas-tanks, and the gas came leaking through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,  
Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun  
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,  
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."  
("Songs of the Army Flyers")





## BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright,  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
Play poker every night!  
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing  
And all our crews are women, Oh! Death, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
Oh, death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling  
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you  
Better days are coming bye and bye!

("Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron")

## BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, one cold and wintry day,  
Beside a busted fighter plane the former pilot lay;  
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head  
And he listened to the dying words his young observer said:

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,  
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.  
You never have to work at all, nor even change your socks  
And little drops of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

The pilot breathed these last few words before he passed away:  
I'll tell you how it happened: my flippers didn't stay,  
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,  
A bullet ripped the gas tank and the oil came oozing through.

Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,  
Where the egg-nogs grow on eggplants and pilots grow a bun  
They have no interceptors, no Junkers thirty-four,  
And little frosted juleps are served at every store.

The observer said to the pilot, as heavenward they flew:  
Now, when we see St. Peter, I tell you what we do:  
We'll get ourselves some brand new wings and back to earth we'll fly  
To haunt the goddam Jerries until the day they die!

Oh, we're going to a better land, they jazz there every night  
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight;  
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,  
And Scotch or Rye or Bourbon keep running down the rocks.

("GI SONGS")

# THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men  
Who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived  
For nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded  
And those days are long gone by  
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

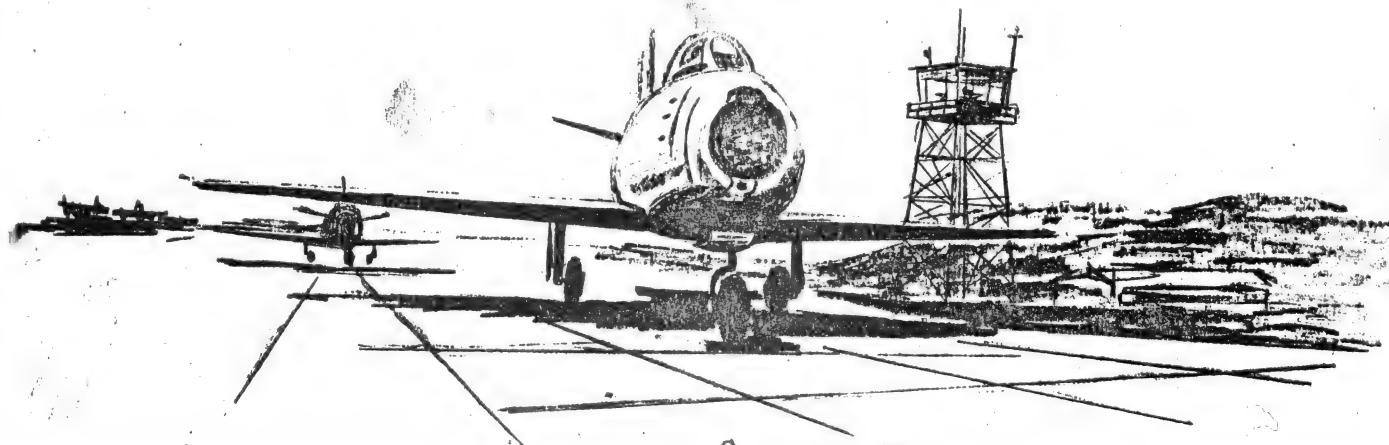
CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks one  
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when  
Their eyes were dancing flame  
I have seen their screaming power dives  
That plastered Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies  
And they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

They flew their Mustang fighters  
Through a living Hell of flak  
And the bloody dying pilots gave  
Their lives to bring them back  
But now they all play ping-pong  
In the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to Hell!

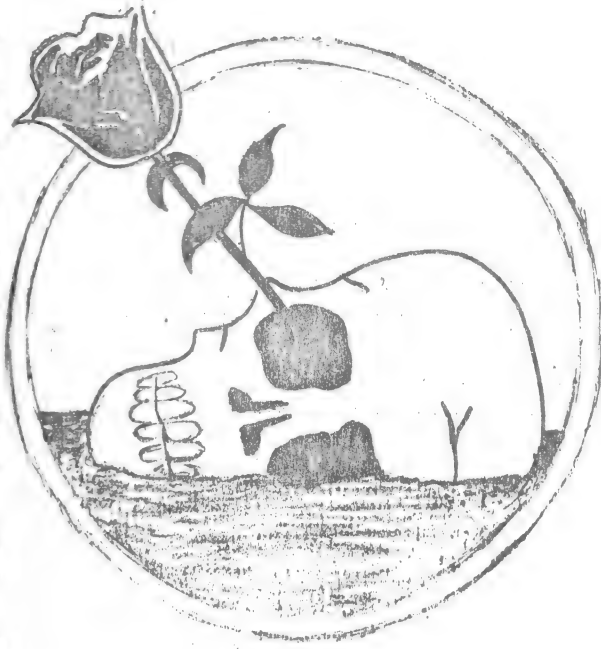
CHORUS

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron")



## YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)



By the ring around his eyeball  
You can tell a bombardier  
You can tell a bomber pilot  
By the spread around his rear  
You can tell a navigator  
By his sextants, maps, and such  
You can tell a fighter jockey  
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!!

(Capt. Clayton Silliman)

## OFF WE GO

(Tune: USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop  
From over the land, and over the sea  
For this feat we get a raise in rank  
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.  
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals  
Got a lot, and we'll get some more  
We're out to conquer, and we will  
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

(Capt. Robert Daley)

## SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba  
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors  
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!  
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!  
Chi-ga-ma-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FBS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.

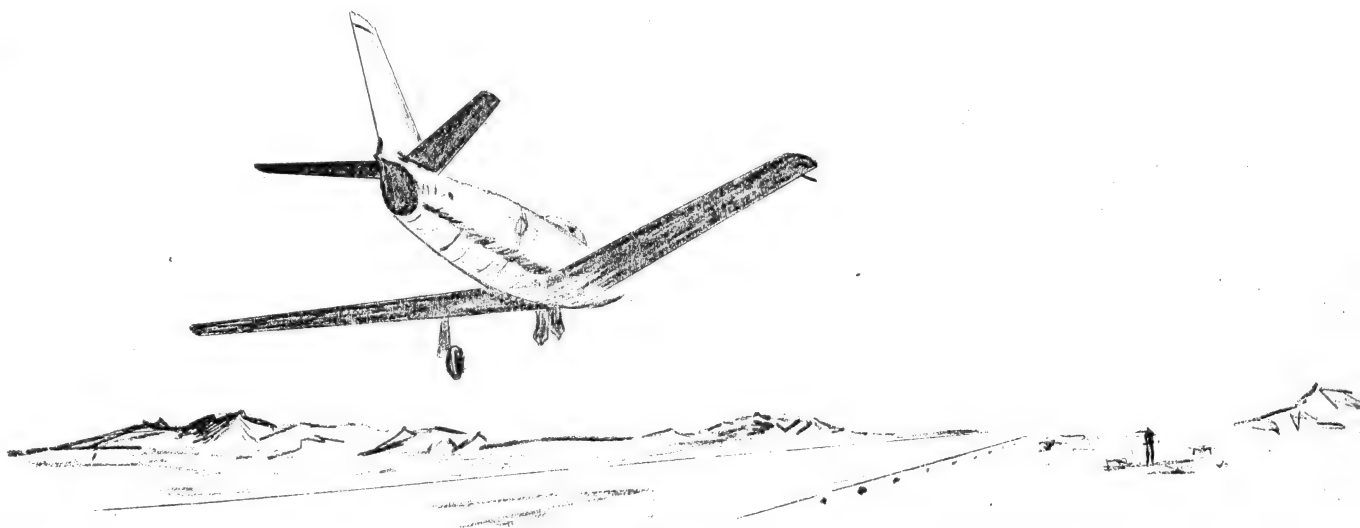
## I WANTED WINGS

(Korean Version)

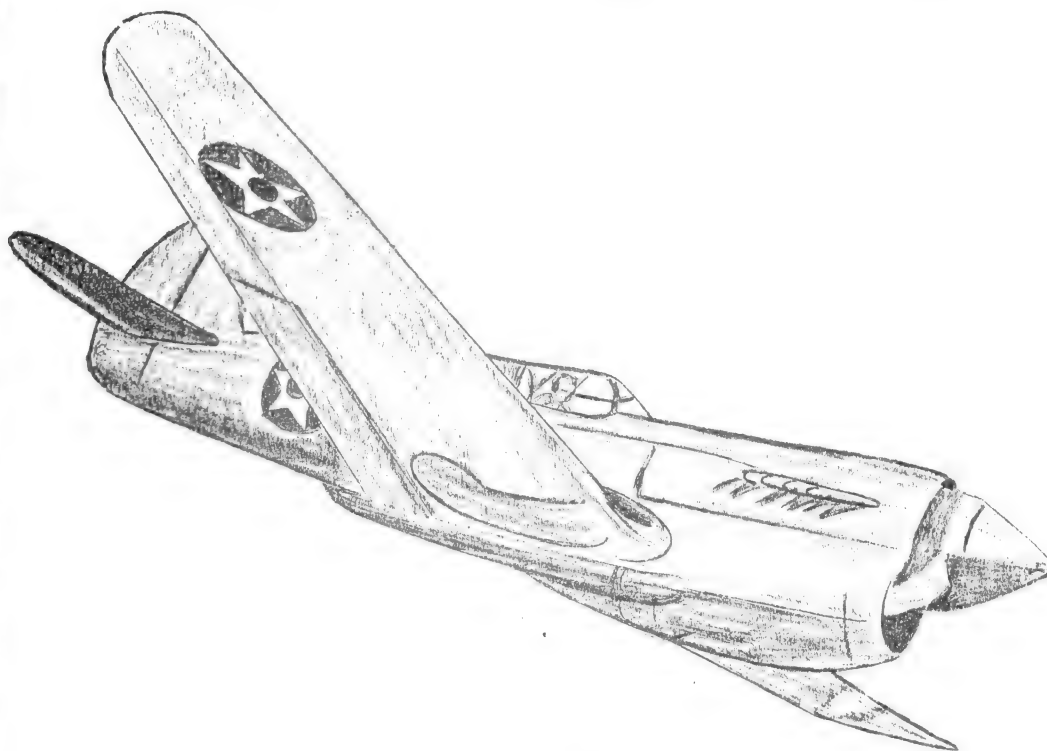
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.  
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,  
I've had a bellyfull of war.  
I don't want my fanny frozen  
In that putrid land of Chosen  
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's  
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster,  
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky  
Migs always make me barf my lunch.  
For me there's no hey-hey screaming,  
"Bogies that-a-way!"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch.  
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off,  
I would rather be home, buster,  
With my butt than with a cluster, buster,  
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,  
Now I don't want them anymore.

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-  
Interceptor Squadron")







#### MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,  
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Brigain,  
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just make me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,  
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in,  
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an airplane I know,  
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,  
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun,  
But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,  
Don't give me a P-51.

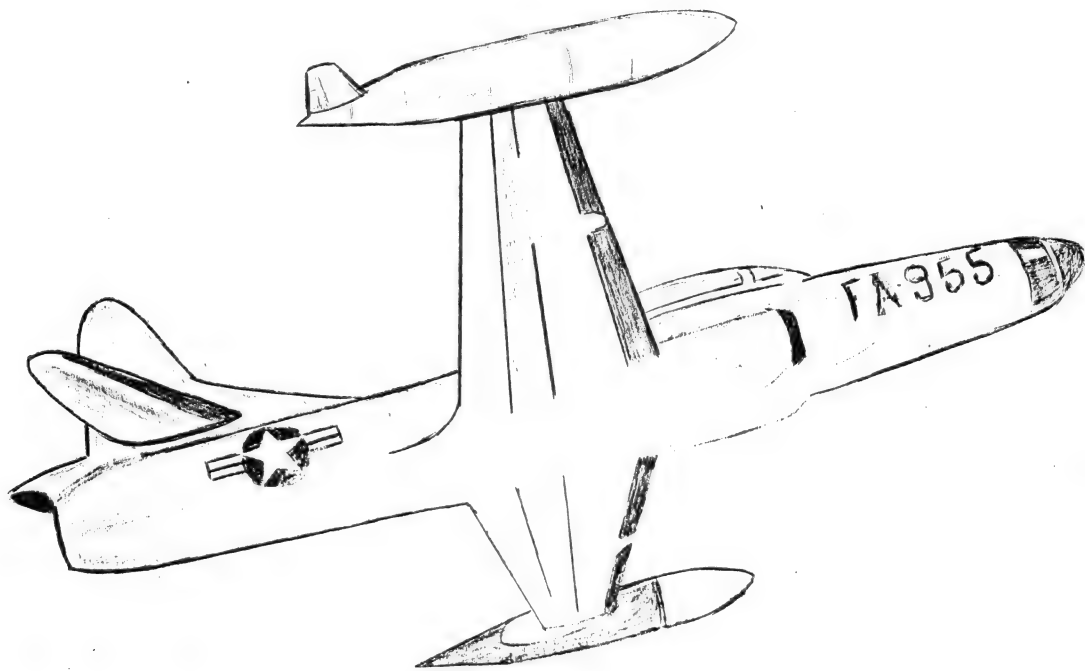
Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun,  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,  
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore  
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84.

("Songs of SOC," "Repulsive Rhapsodies")

## TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Tune: Bless Them All)

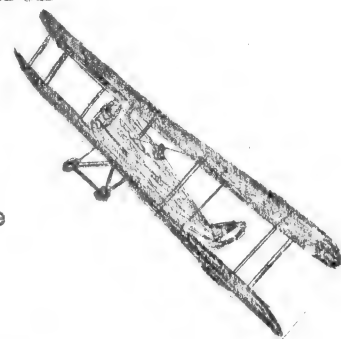


Bless them all, bless them all  
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet  
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet  
Cause he tried to go over the wall  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all  
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off  
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall  
Through the bloody invisible wall  
That transonic journey is nothing but rough  
As bad as a ride on the local base bus  
So I'm staying away from it all  
Subsonic for me and that's all  
If you're hot you might make it  
But you'll probably break it  
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron  
And they didn't have room for more  
The first ninety-six were of new construction  
But the last was a DH-4!



She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten  
And the wings were warped and bent  
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture  
A cow that was quite content.

She was old 97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near.

A second lieutenant wandered into the office  
And he asked for a ship for two  
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for the majors  
And the captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm  
And he turned back to the right  
And he turned around, the fog was behind him  
And the mountains were all in sight.

He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm  
Till the light began to fail  
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And the throttle was bent in the forward position  
But the engine was facing back.

Ladies, listen to my story  
No matter how you yearn  
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband  
He may leave you and ne'er return. ("Songs of the Army Flyers")

## WRECK OF THE OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron  
Not enough room you could see  
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction  
But the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record  
But she hadn't been flown that year  
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine  
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations  
And he asked for a ship or two  
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes  
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors  
And the Captains have the next forty-nine  
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron  
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae  
And he had to make that flight  
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance  
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip  
And the ceiling began to fall  
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains  
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm  
Till the light began to fail  
When he found a railroad going in his direction  
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

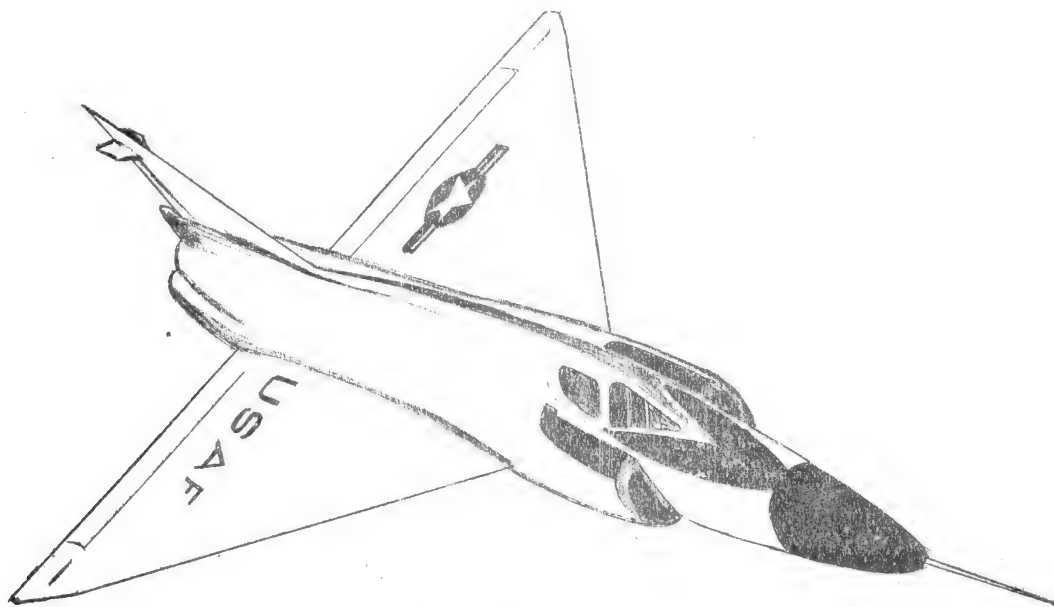
He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains  
And he kept that road in sight  
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains  
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain  
And her wheels upon the track  
And her throttle was bent in the forward position  
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning  
From this time ever on  
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband  
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")





### SAFE HAND MAIL

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke  
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"  
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary Mustang  
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief,  
"Is my span-can ready to roll?  
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle  
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya  
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold  
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros  
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour  
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream  
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle  
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well  
Old Bill broke his Mustang all to hell  
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke  
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Capt. William F. ("Romeo") McCrystal.  
A similar version of this song also appears in "Songs of the 357th FIS")

## KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over  
Korea that I abhor  
One for the money  
And two for the show  
Ridgeway said stay  
But we want to go.  
There's no use explaining  
Why we're remaining  
We got what we were fighting for  
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea  
To make the rice grow some more!



## SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down  
Till I reached old Bon Chong way  
And there I met a Gook girl,  
Who said she'd like to play.  
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,  
Her hands and feet were too.  
I asked her what her name was,  
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
Your hair is black, your eyes are too  
I'd swap my honey cart for you.  
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,  
No one smells of Kimchie,  
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit  
I owe a lot to you.  
I came here from America  
To find Seoul City Sue  
Someday I'll take her back with me,  
And buy her perfumes too,  
So people can't be singing,  
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th"  
"Seoul City Sue" is from "Songs of the  
Friendly 8th")

TO THE REGULARS

(Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,  
I can't forget Kunsan  
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin  
Have made me feel at home.  
I flew across the bomblines  
And got a hole or two  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh I was called to risk my ass  
And save the U.N. too,  
But all I got was a crock of shit  
From you and you and you.

The AA was terrific  
The small arms were intense  
While flyboys bombed the front lines  
The division did the rest.  
While the regulars held their desk jobs,  
The reserves were called en masse  
For the U.N. knew the air reserve  
Was the one to save their ass. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I love you dear old USA  
With all my aching heart  
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves  
We'd never've had to part.  
But we won't cry and we won't squawk  
For we are not alone  
For one of these days the regulars'll come  
And we can all go home. (REPEAT CHORUS)

Now we don't mind the hardships  
We've faced them in the past  
But we wonder if our Congressmen  
Have had forties up their ass.  
We have to fight to save the peace  
That's what the bastards said  
But when you check the casualties  
You'll find no senators dead. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I'm going to raise a family  
When this war is through.  
I hope to have a bouncing boy  
To tell my stories to.  
But someday when he grows up  
If he joins the Air Reserve  
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk  
For that's what he'll deserve. (REPEAT CHORUS)

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")



# HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy  
In peace times they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out  
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!  
Call out, Call out  
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the God Damn reservist  
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot  
They call up every young man  
The reservists they go to Korea  
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the God damn reservist  
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on, Fight on...  
Fight on, Fight on  
Fight on Regular Air Force  
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies," they are hereby combined.)



WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver  
Will you love us just the same?  
Oh, we'll always call you: "(Any old dirty Major)"  
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke  
And the parties that we knew  
When your leaves have turned to silver  
You can stick them up your flue!



(Songs of the 49th," by Lt. Effinger)  
CO-PILOT LAMENT  
(Tune: The Cowboy's Lament)

I'm the co-pilot. I sit on the right,  
It's up to me to be quick and smart.  
I never talk back. I'll have regrets  
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,  
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,  
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,  
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,  
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,  
Tell where we are on the darkest night  
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him Cokes  
I always laugh at his corny jokes,  
And once in a while when his landings are rusty  
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge  
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge  
But maybe some day with great understanding  
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats," Vol. II)

### THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying  
And as on the airdrome he lay  
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing  
These last parting words he did say:  
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,  
The connecting rods out of my brain,  
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,  
And assemble the engine again."

(From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version.. is from Abbe Niles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.' ")

### A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying  
At the end of a bright summer day  
His comrades had gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,  
His engine was wrapped round his head;  
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,  
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket  
And stirred in the sump where he lay,  
To mechanics who round him came sighing,  
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,  
And the butterfly valve off my neck  
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,  
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,  
And the cylinders out of my brain,  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again!"



HOT PILOT

(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books: "GI SONGS," "Songs of SOC," "Songs of the Army Flyers")

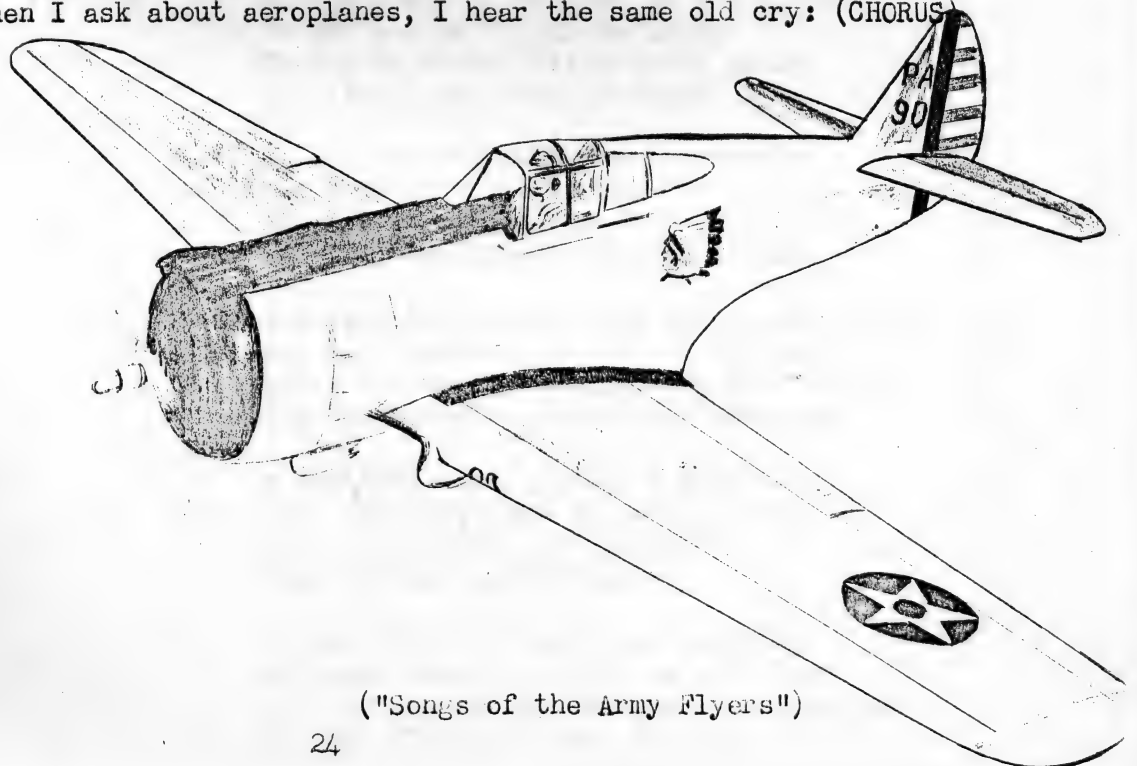
Sing hallelujah for maneuvers  
 For maneuvers we're on our way  
 Now don't be grieving cause we're leaving  
 We'll be back the first of May  
 Good times lie before us  
 Not that you bore us  
 But we like to get away  
 Sing hallelujah for maneuvers  
 For maneuvers we're on our way.

### LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold  
 So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:  
 "You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"  
 When I got there I was "SOL" for this is how I fly:

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him  
 Oh! How do you get that way?"  
 That was the greeting I received as I marched in today.  
 First they put me into the kitchen, "KP" was my name,  
 I wrote my girl that I was a flier  
 Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.  
 "Look at the ears on him, on him,  
 Oh! How do you get that way?"  
 That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day  
 If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign  
 They'd better take up me kettles and pans  
 And give me an aeroplane!

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game  
 I've swung a pick and shovel, 'Till my weary back is lame  
 I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky  
 And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry: (CHORUS)



("Songs of the Army Flyers")



SONG OF R AND R

(Tune: Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice at Tachikawa  
And the Sake in the cellar starts to freeze  
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco  
I just want to see my little Nipponese!

(Source: Capt. Clark B. Smith)

#### THE PO RIVER VALLEY

(Tune: Red River Valley)

To the Po River Valley we're going  
For to get us some trains and some tracks  
But if I had my say-so about it  
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
To the Po River Valley we're going  
And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather  
And they said it was clear as can be  
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field  
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going  
S-2 said there's no flak on the way  
There's a dark overcast o'er the target  
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind  
And a Mustang went by like a breeze  
And a C-46 with one feathered  
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po River Valley we're going  
And many strange sights we will see  
But the one there that held my attention  
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

(Songs of Squadron Officers School)



## FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell  
The place is full of queers  
Navigators, Bombadiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States  
They are off on foreign shores  
Making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay  
Being shot at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot's on  
Reading novels in the john  
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged  
And his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth  
The place is full of brass  
Sitting round on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation  
But increase the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club  
Oh look at the 55th in the club  
The don't party, they don't sing  
77th does everything  
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds  
All he does is flub his dub  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

SOLO: We're going to burn down the outhouse!  
 CHORUS: BOO!  
 SOLO: But! We'll build a new one!  
 CHORUS: HOORAY! (Repeat chorus after each solo)  
 SOLO: Our town has only one bar!  
 But it's one hundred feet long!  
 Our bar has only one bartender!  
 Every ten feet!  
 Our barmaids wear long dresses!  
 Made out of cellophane!  
 You can't walk upstairs with our barmaids!  
 You've got to take the elevator!  
 You can't sleep with our barmaids!  
 They won't let you sleep!



# SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,  
 Oh, my name is samuel Hall,  
 And I hate you one and all,  
 You're a lot of muckers all . . . damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,  
 Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,  
 And I left him there for dead . . .  
 Damn his eyes!

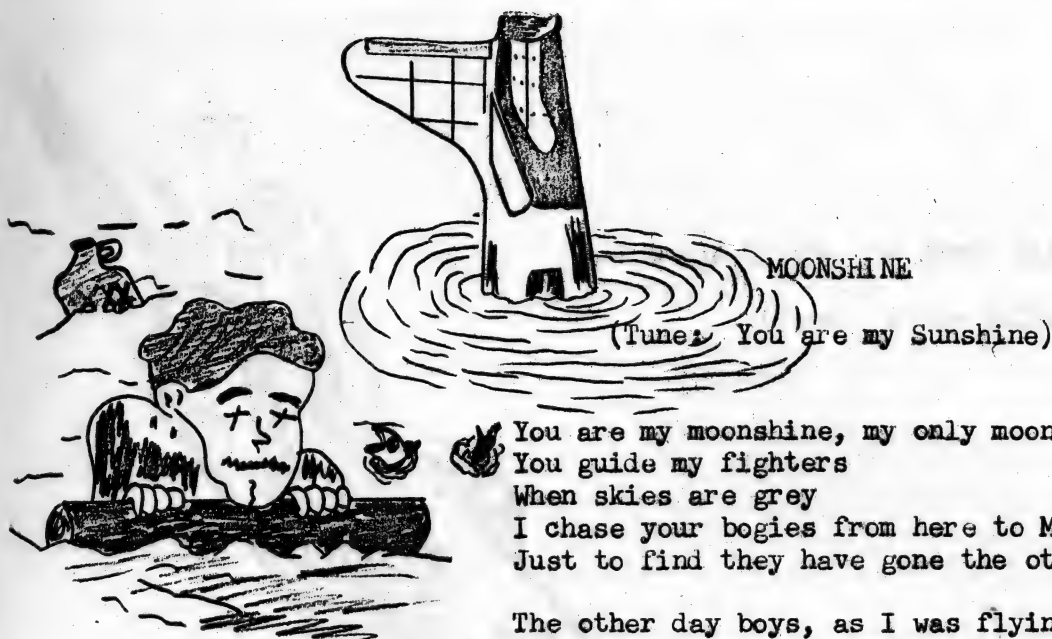
And they put me in the quad, in the quad,  
 Yes, they put me in the quad with a chain and iron rod,  
 And they left me there, by God . . .  
 Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,  
 Oh, the parson he did come, and he looked so bloody glum,  
 As he talked of kingdom come . . .  
 Damn his eyes!

And the sheriff he came too, he came too  
 And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,  
 They've a hanging job to do . . .  
 Damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go,  
 So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,  
 Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .  
 Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,  
 Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell,  
 Hope to God you sizzle well . . .  
 Damn your eyes!



You are my moonshine, my only moonshine  
 You guide my fighters  
 When skies are grey  
 I chase your bogies from here to Moji  
 Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying  
 I heard Moonshine Controller say:  
 "I've got a bogie down by Kurume  
 Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact  
 And I believed him like a dope  
 I flew to Moji - and still no bogie  
 He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine  
 How could you let me down this way?  
 My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'  
 Won't you take that Moonshine away!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

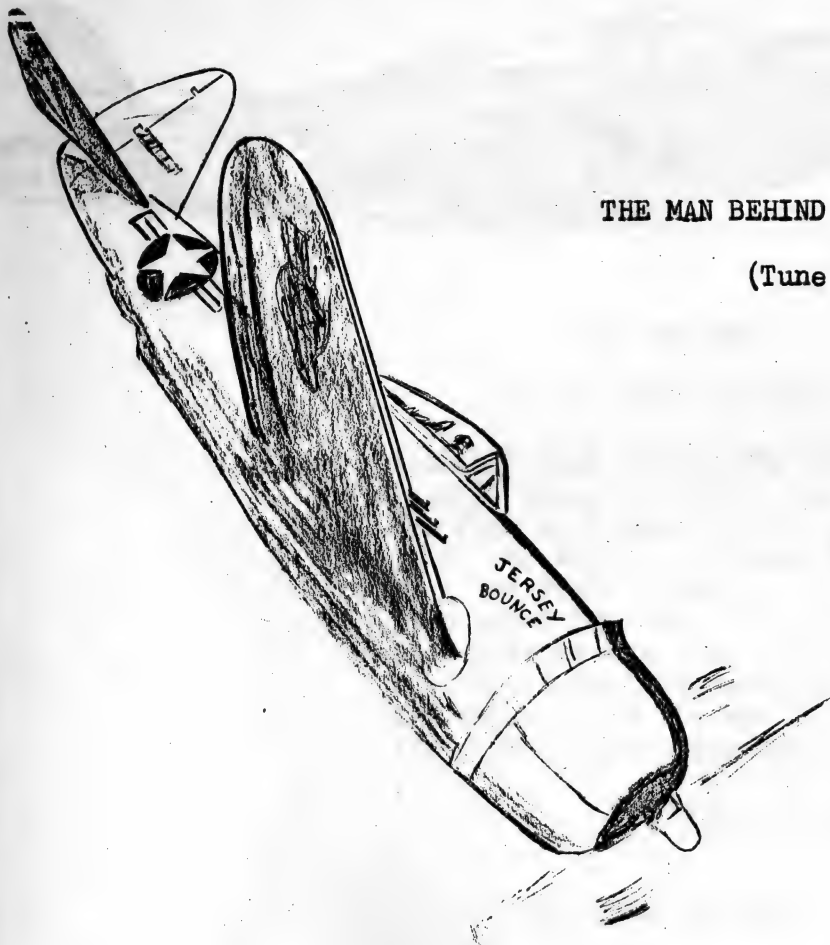
#### FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality  
 Forty thousand is no place for me, with MiG-15s in the vicinity  
 With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish that I'd stayed  
 on the ground  
 I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did Red Leader go, when I called out "Bingo"  
 That's what I'd like to know, just where'n the hell did he go?  
 He called "Red Flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight  
 He climbed up in the sun and that's when the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around  
 Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.  
 I called "Red Leader, where in the hell did you roam?  
 Clear yourself and ride the Mach cause I am going home!"

("Songs of 357th Fighter Squadron")



# THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning  
 When the engines start to roar  
 You can see the old goat standing  
 Beside his office door  
 He'll be sweating out the take-off  
 As he's often done before  
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

Four times he's led us up there  
 And he always led us back  
 For he circled oe'r the I.P.  
 As we went in to attack  
 He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys,  
 But allergic to ack ack"  
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

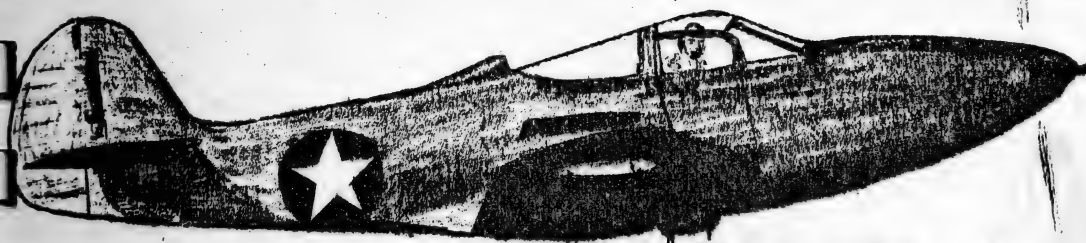
And when the target's sighted  
 Who inspires our attack?  
 Who says, "Hundreds may go in lads  
 But a few aren't coming back."  
 Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum  
 When you supress the flak"  
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

("Songs My Mother  
 Never Taught Me")

And when the mission's over  
 And debriefing they should be  
 You can search the whole field over  
 But not a pilot you will see

For they'll all be at the  
 "O" club, With a mixed drink  
 in their hand, singing "The  
 Man Behind the Armor Plated  
 Desk"





### FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight, you may  
Stay and fight alone!  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day  
So keep on strafing that position  
And knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

### THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few  
Number Four got some more as he said  
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts  
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts  
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

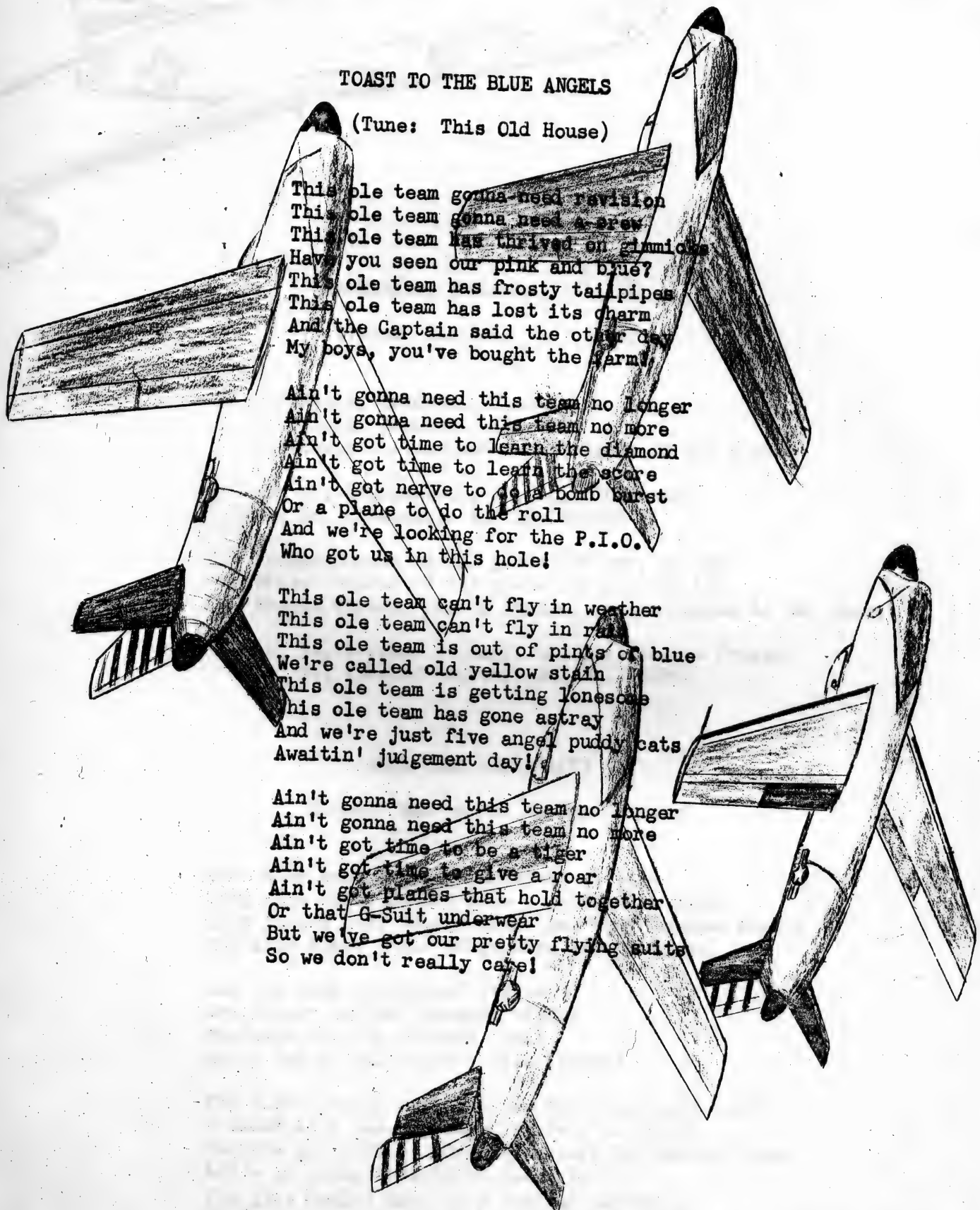
There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud  
But they all carried guns for the foe  
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime  
But they got Number Three, don't you see  
Yes, they whot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back  
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

("Songs of the 49th FBG")





## TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS

(Tune: This Old House)

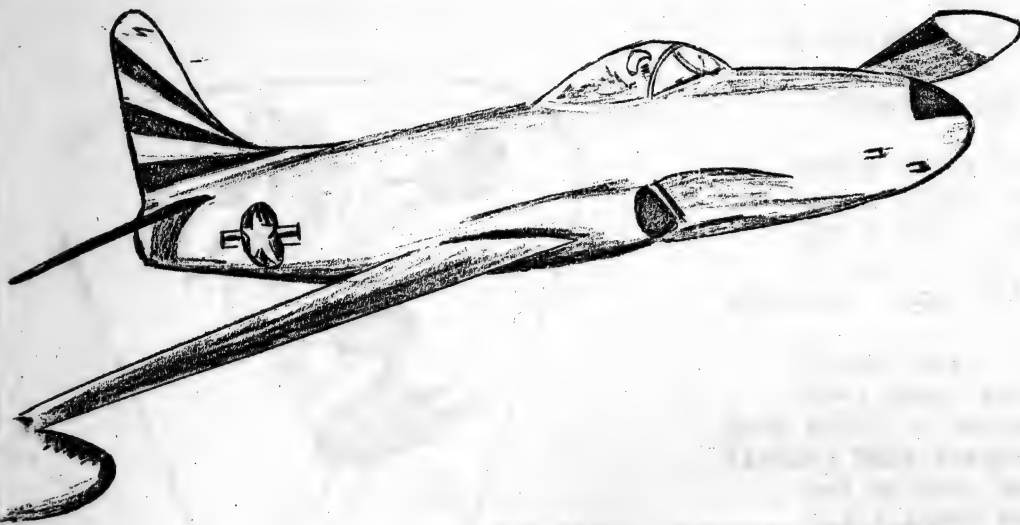
This ole team gonna need revision  
This ole team gonna need a crew  
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks  
Have you seen our pink and blue?  
This ole team has frosty tailpipes  
This ole team has lost its charm  
And the Captain said the other day  
My boys, you've bought the farm!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to learn the diamond  
Ain't got time to learn the score  
Ain't got nerve to let a bomb burst  
Or a plane to do the roll  
And we're looking for the P.I.O.  
Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather  
This ole team can't fly in rain  
This ole team is out of pints of blue  
We're called old yellow stain  
This ole team is getting lonesome  
This ole team has gone astray  
And we're just five angel puddy cats  
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer  
Ain't gonna need this team no more  
Ain't got time to be a tiger  
Ain't got time to give a roar  
Ain't got planes that hold together  
Or that G-Suit underwear  
But we've got our pretty flying suits  
So we don't really care!

(By Lt. John Coleman, 325th Fighter-Interceptor  
31 Squadron, home of the "Sabreknights")



# TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

(Tune: Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke  
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place!

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)  
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO!

Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy  
Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy  
Frozen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place!

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)  
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!

# ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease  
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze  
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's  
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke  
Jet leader called "Echelon right!  
Mustangs at nine o'clock level  
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!"

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right  
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright  
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three  
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

The jets headed home at a hundred percent  
In fact Number Four had the throttle stop bent  
Back to Misawa, to Misawa They went  
Never to bounce any more!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

## A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES

(Tune: A Gay Caballero)



Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,  
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,  
But a bomb like a cherry  
Is all it can carry  
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles.

Steady boys, steady boys  
Here comes another big lie.  
Said pilot to bomber, "How slick,  
Finding this target's no trick --  
But my God, how strange  
We're fresh out of range,  
Strap on my parachute quick."

The Air Force sure has the life grand --  
Wine, women and song is the plan;  
There's medals by baskets  
For flying our caskets  
In the M-G-M starlet command.

F-80's are certainly keen  
If to daring your tendencies lean --  
But we want it said,  
We'd not be caught dead  
In such an infernal machine.

With our bombers the world will be shocked,  
At three hundred miles they've been clocked --  
But while dreaming up tricks,  
With the B-36,  
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue,  
The pilot felt something quite new;  
Christ what a sensation  
Where's Public Relations.  
The legion of merit will do.

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles,  
We claim it but only with smiles,  
While crashing the barrier --  
We pooh, pooh, the carrier,  
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh, we know what we're saying is true,  
We got it directly from Stu,  
We love the blue yonder --  
But sometimes we wonder,  
Just who's doing what and to who.

So listen young men as we say,  
Be careful of wings and flight pay  
There's no prohibitions  
On suicide missions,  
Sooooooo -- come -- join the Air Force today. ("The Three Hat")

## BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole  
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul  
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir.  
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a  
There's blood on your tunic  
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool  
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul  
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few  
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

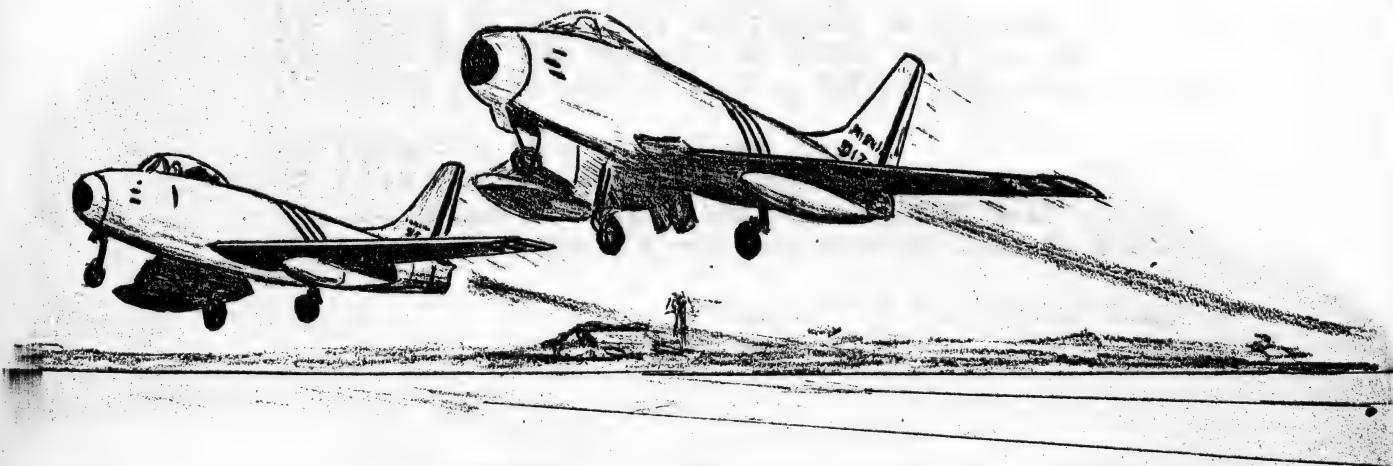
Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir,  
But on the Lt. I meant no slur  
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please  
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

## SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

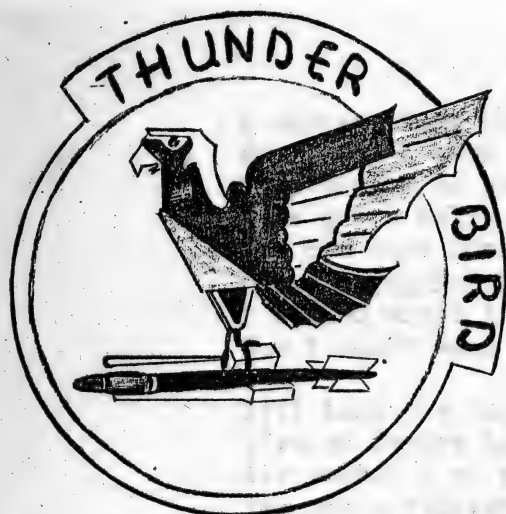
When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MiGs come out to play  
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay  
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in  
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom  
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MiG and you  
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low  
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 357th")







### AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar  
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun  
My coulant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1  
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower  
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see  
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun  
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coulant's gonna blow,  
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801  
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung  
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say  
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgement Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day  
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay  
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well  
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"  
by Capt. William F. "Romeo" McCrystal)



## I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.  
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die,  
I've got a belly-full of war.  
You can save those Zeros for the God Damn heros  
For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
I've no desire to be burned.  
Air combat's no romance and it made me wet my pants,  
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.  
You can leave the Mitsubishis for the crazy sons-a-bitches,  
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than get shot down in a dumman,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

I'm too young to die in a God damn thing  
That's for the eagles, not me  
I won't trust to luck to get in a "Duck"  
After I've crashed into the ground  
I would rather be a seilho flier on a flattop  
With my hand around a bottle not a God damn throttle,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr  
Flak always makes me part my lunch  
For me there's no Hey Hey when they holler "Bombs Away!"  
I'd rather be home with the bunch.  
For there's one thing you can't laugh off  
And that's when they shoot your ass off  
And I'd rather be home, Buster, with my ass than with a cluster,  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more!

The day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes  
I always smoke one for my gut  
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one  
Oh! What I'd give to have a butt.  
Now the home front may be pitchin' but I still do my bitchin'  
Till I find some real sharp cooky  
Who can mass-produce some nookey  
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,  
Now I don't want them any more!

(Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI Songs,"  
"Songs of the 357th Fighter-Interceptor  
Squadron," "The Three Hats, Vol. I")

# BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right  
 All: Right now  
 Solo: Break right  
 All: Right now  
 Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around  
 All: We're flyin' around  
 Solo: And lookin' around  
 All: And lookin' around  
 Solo: The MiGs came down  
 All: The MiGs came down  
 Solo: We went 'round and 'round  
 All: We went 'round and 'round  
 Solo: Throttle to the wall  
 All: Throttle to the wall  
 Solo: I counted them all  
 All: I counted them all  
 All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

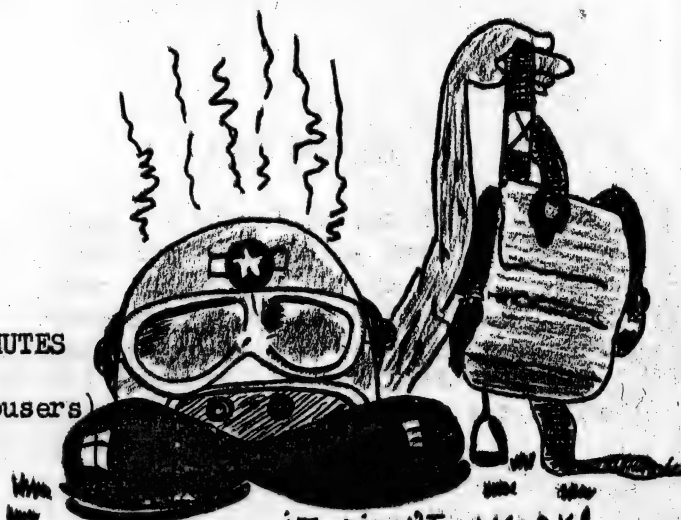
Solo: Their noses were red  
 All: Their noses were red  
 Solo: They wanted me dead  
 All: They wanted me dead  
 All: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!

## THE PRETTIEST PLANE

(1) (Leader)	The prettiest plane	(8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks
(All)	The prettiest plane	Twelve MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six
(Leader)	Out on the line	(9) The moral of this story's clear
(All)	Out on the line	When you start home just check your rear
(Leader)	The MiG-15	(10) Cause if you don't you're sure to
(All)	The MiG-15	A MiG-15 tucked in behind. /find
(Leader)	Flies mighty fine	
(All)	Flies mighty fine	
(All)	The prettiest plane out on the line	
	The MiG-15 flies mighty fine!	

(2) When we go up and fly at noon  
 The MiG-15's leap off the moon  
 (3) Then they come down and pretty soon  
 A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom  
 (4) On all our planes we paint red stars  
 For MiG-15's that land on Mars  
 (5) We chase them up to forty-four  
 The fox-eight-six don't have much more  
 (6) The throttle's set right at full bore  
 We'll never catch that little whore  
 (7) Then they start home and Casey calls  
 We're letting down, no sweat at all

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES  
(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)



Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do!

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead  
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" and "GI SONGS")



### INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
Into the air, pilots true  
Into the air, U.S. Air Force  
Keep your nose up in the blue  
And when you hear the engines roaring  
And the steel props start to whine  
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force  
Is along the fighting line!

### STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad  
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad  
And of all of his words, these were his last  
Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind  
And off to New Guinea did go  
But when I got there I was to find  
The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh!

We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare  
There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair  
The tracers look fine as strafing we go  
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low!

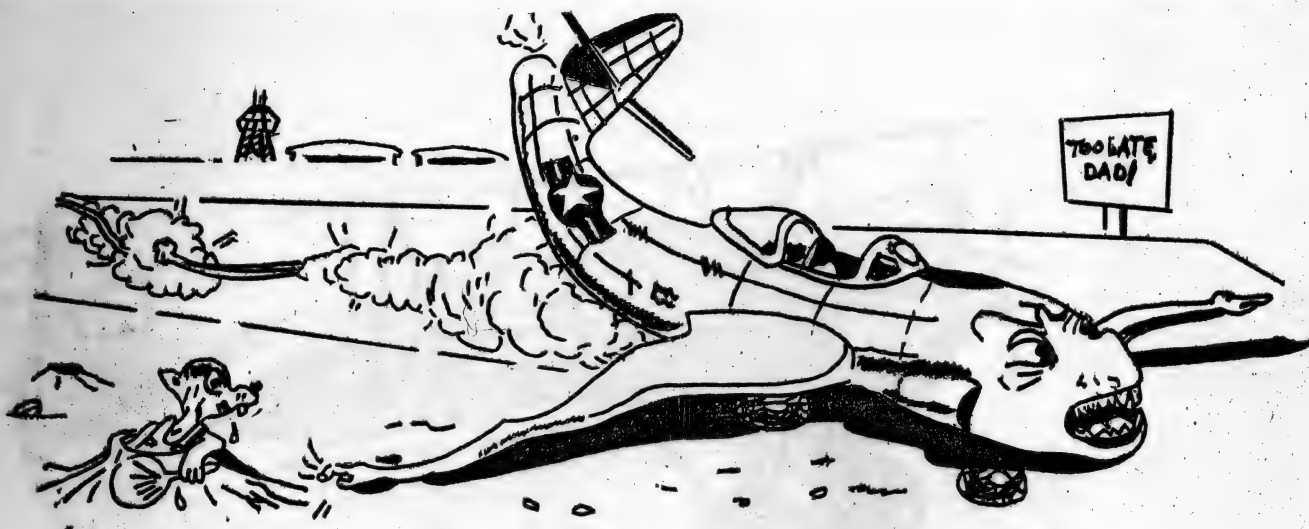
### MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet  
He noses her down when close to the ground  
My wild eyed cadet!  
He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!  
I hear drums beating low and men marching slow  
Behind wild eyed cadets!

("Songs of the SOC")





### EARLY ABORT

(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Col. Napier and I'm the leader of the group  
 If you will step into my tent I'll give you all the poop  
 I'll tell you where the Commies are and where the flak is black  
 I'll be the first one off the deck and I'll be the first one back!

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
 Early abort, avoid the rush, oh, the Liberty Squadron's on parade!

My name is Major Swan and I lead old Liberty  
 And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me  
 But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do  
 Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do  
 But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true  
 The pilots they are ready, but let their skipper shout  
 And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

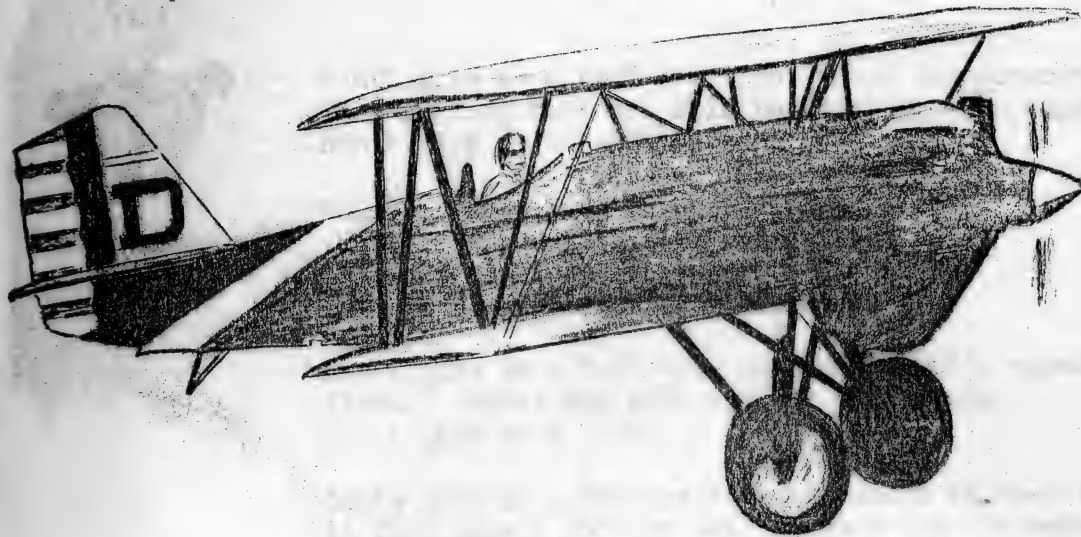
And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing.  
 Any night in the "O" Club you can hear how well they sing.  
 With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too  
 But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great  
 But when it comes to fighting MiGs, those bastards just don't rate  
 I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue  
 But when it comes to fightin' MiGs, I'll tell you what I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.  
 We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say  
 But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six  
 To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")





#### MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother take down your service flag  
Your son's in the S.O.S.  
He's S.O.L. but what the hell  
He never suffered less  
He may be thin but that's from gin  
Or else I miss my guess  
So mother take down your service flag  
Your son's in the S.O.S.

Mother put out your golden star  
Your son's going up in a Sop  
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak  
She's got a rickety prop  
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk  
He's sure to take a flop  
So mother put out your golden star  
Your son's going up in the Sop.

#### EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg  
Eight bucks a day - Eight bucks a day  
Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg  
Eight bucks a day is the pay  
Close the gate - Lock the door  
Cause we won't come back to Langley any more  
We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay  
Eight bucks a day is the pay.

#### I WANT TO GO HOME (Air Service Stanza)

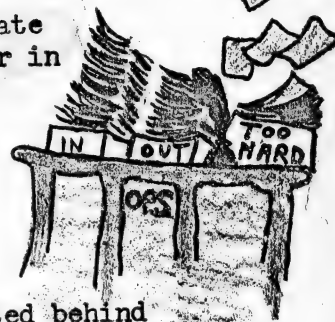
I want to go home! I want to go home!  
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,  
The pilot is trying to stand on his head.  
Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!  
Oh, my! I'm too young to die!  
I want to go home. 41 ("Songs of the Army Flyers")



## JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate  
They'll loop roll and spin but they'll soon auger in  
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me Operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home.



Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind  
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole  
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk  
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow  
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug  
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out  
Don't give me a F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more  
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late  
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an eighty-six-D with overdrive and TV  
She'll loop roll and spin but she'll soon auger in  
Don't give me an eighty-six-D!

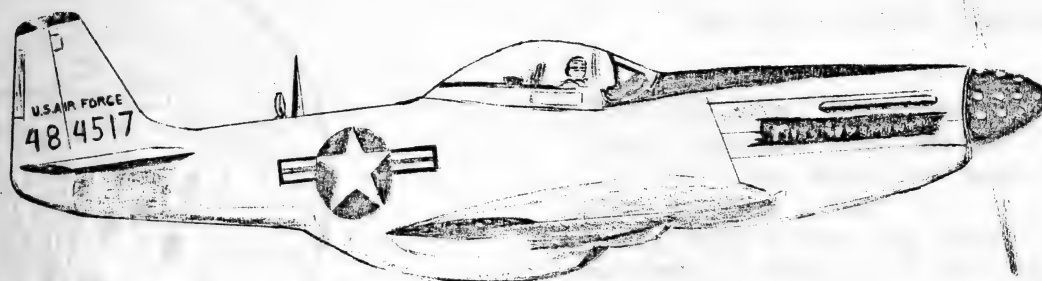
Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb  
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates  
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score  
It may fly in weather but won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it has done  
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you  
Just give me an old Fifty-one!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old Mustang  
For defending democracy's cause  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to go home!

(Songs My Mother Never Taught Me, "Songs of the 357th" )



### HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

Sure, our target it was bunkers  
Way out in the hills so grand  
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land  
Our fans now they were G.I.'s  
And they thought our Mustangs grand  
As we circled o'er the target  
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic  
Near the ground he wouldn't go  
We toggled off our babies  
And we watched them hit below  
He had placed his rockets wildly  
And he'd fouled the whole damn show  
But when we got the grading  
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell  
From out the sky one day  
It landed west of Pyongyang  
Not very far away  
Comet Red won't be coming back  
It made us very blue  
But we went on to our target  
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we sprinkled it with fifties  
Just to keep their heads down low  
Then we hurried back to S-2  
To lie about our show  
When you read it in the papers  
All about the 18th's capers  
You will know it's propaganda  
For old Barcus, bless his soul.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



## HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pohunkus, Tennessee  
 Came a bastard that was me  
 And my father shoveled snow  
 From off the street  
 Well, when I was very young  
 He found a diamond in the dung  
 And he sent me here to sing this song to you!

So hail, oh hail, you fighter pilots  
 Fill your glasses full of brew  
 And we'll have another glass  
 To the latest horses ass  
 In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue!

## I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got sixpence - jolly, jolly sixpence  
 I've got sixpence to last me all my life  
 I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend  
 And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me  
 No pretty little girls to decieve me  
 I'm happy as a lark believe me  
 As we go rolling rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home  
 By the light of the silvery moon  
 Happy is the day, when the AIR FORCE gets its pay  
 As we go rolling rolling home.

(The song "Hail You Fighter Pilots" was taught me by Lt. John Robertson who flew a tour with the 80th FBS in Korea. It is evidently an adaption of an old college fraternity song. "I've Got Six-Pence" is, of course, the traditional RAF song. The squadron insignia pictured above is that of the 77th Fighter-Bomber Squadron, 20th Fighter Bomber Wing. The 20th Group History of World War II, "King's Cliffe" says: "Due to the shortage of both pilots and airplanes, the squadron resorted to two ship elements for training purposes, and it is believed that this was the origin of that formation. This formation later gave birth to the idea for the Squadron insignia which consists of five playing cards arranged left to right in the order shown, its significance being that five cards represent the five year's expansion program of the Air Corps, by virtue of which the squadron was brought into being and that five pilots were assigned at the time of arrival of the first airplanes. Two sets of cards in pairs was typical of the formation used during the organization period and the seven was taken as a lucky number. The ace of spades has ever been a symbol of death and the spade predominates as a warning to all enemies. Lastly, the design is typical of the life of a pursuit pilot in actual combat - just a gamble. This insignia was approved August 29, 1931.)



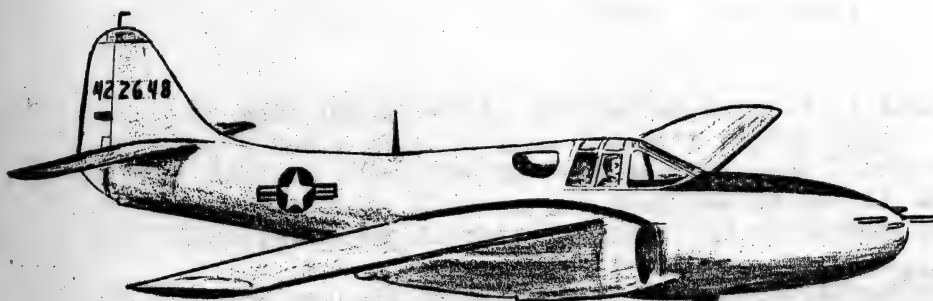
## THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he  
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi  
Here's a health to the leader's two wingmen, to the gunner within his turrelle  
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in Hell!

("Songs of the Army Flyers," "The Three Hats")







## RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
 Not a Sabre in sight  
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
 And they want to fight  
 Let's hurry, hurry home  
 Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?  
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'  
 Not a Sabre in sight!

## MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG-15  
 A tweeping up on me  
 I did, I did, I taw him  
 As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15  
 Ivan is my name  
 And if I catch that '84  
 I'll shoot him down in flame!

## ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow  
 I lost my jet pilot from flying so low  
 He put on an air show, he did it for me  
 At altitude zero he clobbered a tree  
 With throttle wide open he made his last pass  
 On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

(All songs on this page from "Repulsive  
 Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

## THE MISSION

(Tune: The Thing)

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king  
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing  
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping --  
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!  
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine  
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather was fine  
"One word of advice," he said to us, "Though I hate to spoil your fun  
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!  
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!"

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be  
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."  
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise --  
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!  
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be  
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me  
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below --  
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!  
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life  
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."  
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."  
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!  
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!

I rolled it out of that six-G turn out over the briny deep  
That MiG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep  
But when I looked back, oh there he sat, as fat as he could be --  
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!  
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail  
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail  
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red --  
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!  
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight  
And you've got a MiG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight  
DON'T ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you  
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do  
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do.

("Songs of the 357th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron")



# STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old  
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold  
With their fighters painted yellow  
Leaping off to contact Mellow  
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds  
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads  
Four birds lined up on the runway  
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday  
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest  
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test  
Till at last the Yalu River  
Which makes my liver quiver  
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way  
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play  
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes  
All lit up like Christmas trees  
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste  
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace  
It was thrilling, it was hairy  
Near that privileged sanctuary  
Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four  
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war  
I am flying on to Taegu  
Heading one-five-two to K-2  
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Lt.  
"Rosie" Rosencrans)

### ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak  
I lost my poor wing man, he'll never get back  
For flying is pleasure, and dying a grief  
And a quick-triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

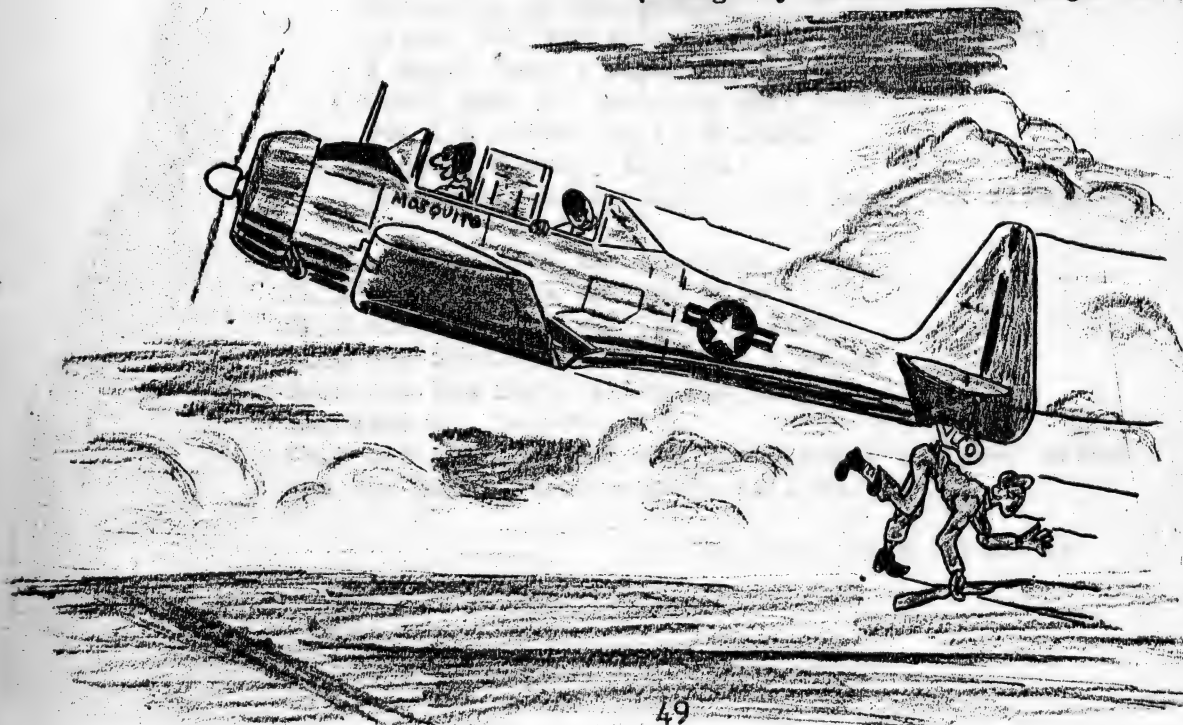
For a thief will just rob you and take all you save  
But a quick-triggered Commie will send you to the grave.  
The grave will decay you and turn you to dust  
Not a Commie in a thousand can an old Mustang trust.

Now the moral of this story is easy to see  
Don't go to Sinanju, or old Kuniri.

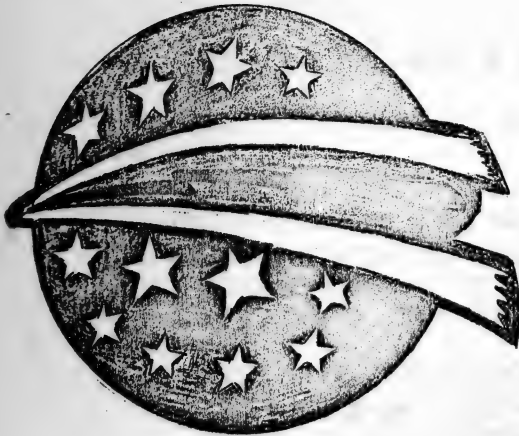
Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear this, this horrible sound:  
Attention all pilots - Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more  
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more.  
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the Group  
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")







#### A NAVY PRAYER

Our father who art in Washington  
Truman is thy name  
The Navy's done  
The Air Force won  
On the Atlantic as in the Pacific  
Give us this day our appropriations  
And forgive us our accusations  
As we forgive our accusers.  
Lead us not into temptation  
But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson  
For thine is the power  
The B-36 and the Air Force  
Forever and ever. Airmen.

("Songs of SOC")

#### FLEET AIR WING - - ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday success, I histed up 'er dress  
And Thursday 'er chemise: Gor Blimey - -  
Friday I put me 'and around 'er,  
Saturday she gave me ear a tweek  
But 'twas Sunday after dinner she made me out a sinner  
And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

I don't want to be a soldier  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Picadilly on the ground  
Livin' off the waiges of an 'igh born laidy  
I don't want a bayonette up me backside  
Don't want me buttocks shot away  
For I'd rather be in England  
Bloody, Bloody, England  
And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey -

Call out the Army and the Navy  
Call out the Rank and the File  
Call out the dear old Territorials  
They can face the battle with a smile  
Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade  
Who made Old England free  
Call out your brother and your father and your mother  
But for Christ's sake don't call me.

("The Three Hats," Vol. I)



## SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (1)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's life  
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear  
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near  
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground  
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"  
I racked that (name of a/c) in the air a dozen feet or more  
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me (name of Sq CO)!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
And when I made my final turn, My God, I racked it tight  
The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave  
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel (Wing CO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low  
Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"  
I pulled that (name of a/c) in the blue, she hit a high-speed stall  
Now I won't be back this winter when the work's all done this fall!

Cruisin' down the Yalu doing six-fifty per  
Gave a call to (name of flight leader), oh won't you save me sir?  
Got two big flak holes in my wings, my tank ain't got no gas  
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

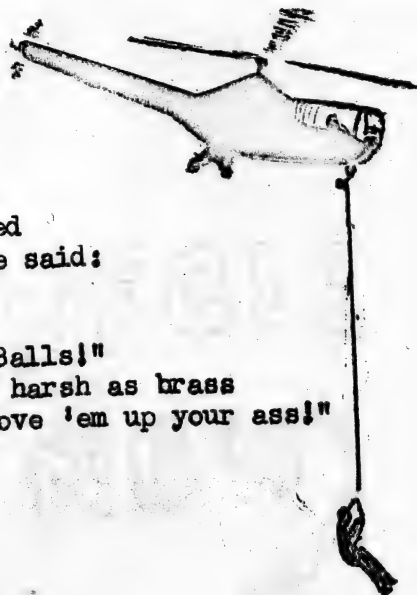
Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near  
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst  
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!



(A favorite with many fliers, this song is evidently an adaption from a song about the Salvation Army in which the chorus runs: "Throw a nickel on the drum, save another drunken bum." The verses printed above are a composite of the versions appearing in the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 20th Fighter-Bomber Group," "Songs of Nellis AFB," "Songs of the 357th.")

## SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)



It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, and this is what he said:  
I hate this God damn place!  
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all  
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"  
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass  
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's life  
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per  
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir?"  
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right  
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight  
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground  
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."  
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more  
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low  
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly  
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line  
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line  
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it  
The God damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit  
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

## PUSAN U

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside  
'Twas down near Pusan Bay  
We stepped into a local bar  
To pass the time away.  
I met a gal from old Chin Ju  
She was a sight to view  
I asked her where she came from  
and she said, "Pusan U."

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
The finest school in all the land  
The University that's grand  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
Oh Pusan U, to you.

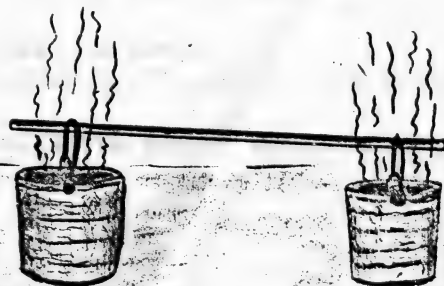

I enrolled in that great college  
Founded by Kim Pac Su  
'Twas built of honeybuckets  
So they called it Pusan U  
The smell it was terrific  
But fortune saw me through  
So now I lift this glass  
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
Your course is good for engineers  
A frames, ox carts pulled by steers  
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U  
I hail my Alma Mater  
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful  
She was a sight to view  
She won a beauty contest  
She was crowned Miss Pusan U  
They spotted her in Hollywood  
Now she's a star there too  
When asked to what she owes her fame  
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team  
We will our games straight through  
They ask us where we come from  
And we say, "Pusan U"  
We have a pitcher who is tops  
Our batters are good too  
And every time we come to bat  
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"

ENROLL  
NOW



("Pusan U" seems to have originated with the Korean warriors and was evidently a universal favorite. It appears in the following song books: "Songs of the Friendly 8th," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Repulsive Rhapsodies.")

## PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur  
Send me to Paris or a target in France  
Any old place that I might have a chance  
You can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur.

You may think I'm wacky  
But I'm only slightly flacky  
Don't send me over the Rhur  
Now the alert's on the phone  
And the target's Cologne  
My God, that's on the edge of the Rhur.

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town  
Any place you can see thru the flak to the ground  
You can send me twice a day  
To the Pasde Calais  
But don't send me over the Rhur  
For even when I'm starting  
I'm planning on aborting  
Don't send me over the Rhur.

("Songs of the 357th FIS")



## IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be dumb deaf and blind  
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS: Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?  
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

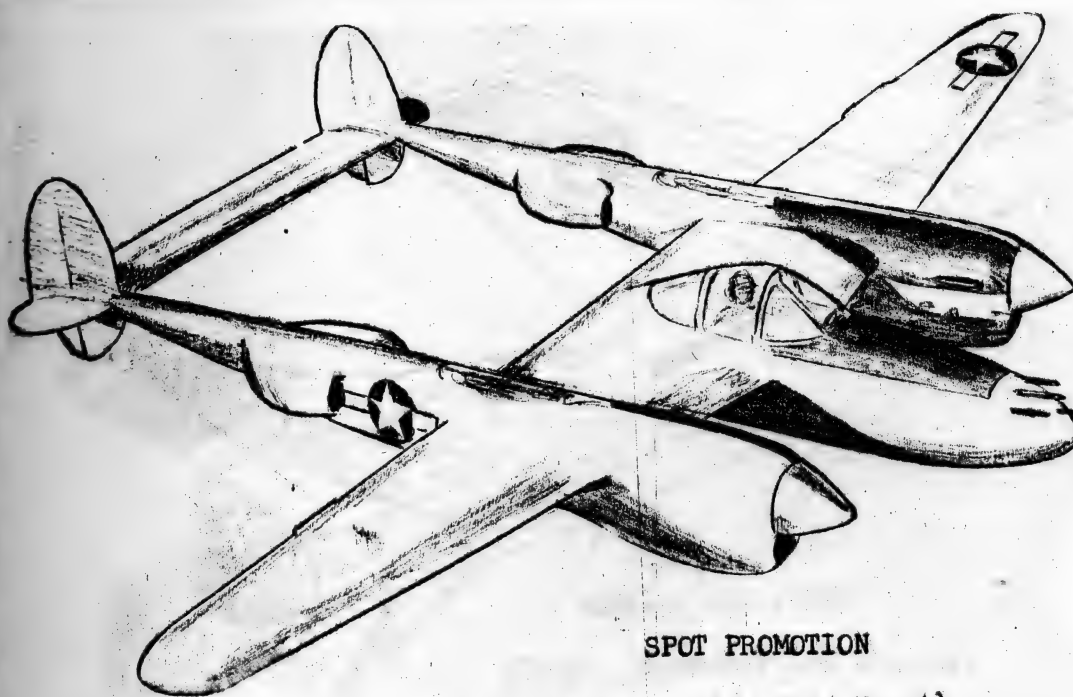
If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks  
Bouncing the all-weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more  
For your lot we don't pine, it's better than an eighty-nine.

If you fly a Thunderjet you will really have no sweat  
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

("Songs of the 357th FIS," "Songs of the  
325th FIS")





### SPOT PROMOTION

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried so hard, my friend, to think  
That rank was worth a lot  
But now you've gone and got yourself  
Promoted to a spot  
Your job is one that could be done  
By any PFC  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get that spot for me?

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend  
Of that I have no doubt  
The T/O's being changed right now  
They ripped it inside out  
Lieutenant General, Wing CO,  
The staff all gets one star  
At least we'll have some rank around  
To help us fight the war.

Another week or two in grade  
We'll put you in again  
You needn't wait to learn your job  
That's for enlisted men  
The only thing I envy is  
The talent that you got  
How can I get your ass shipped out  
And get your open spot?

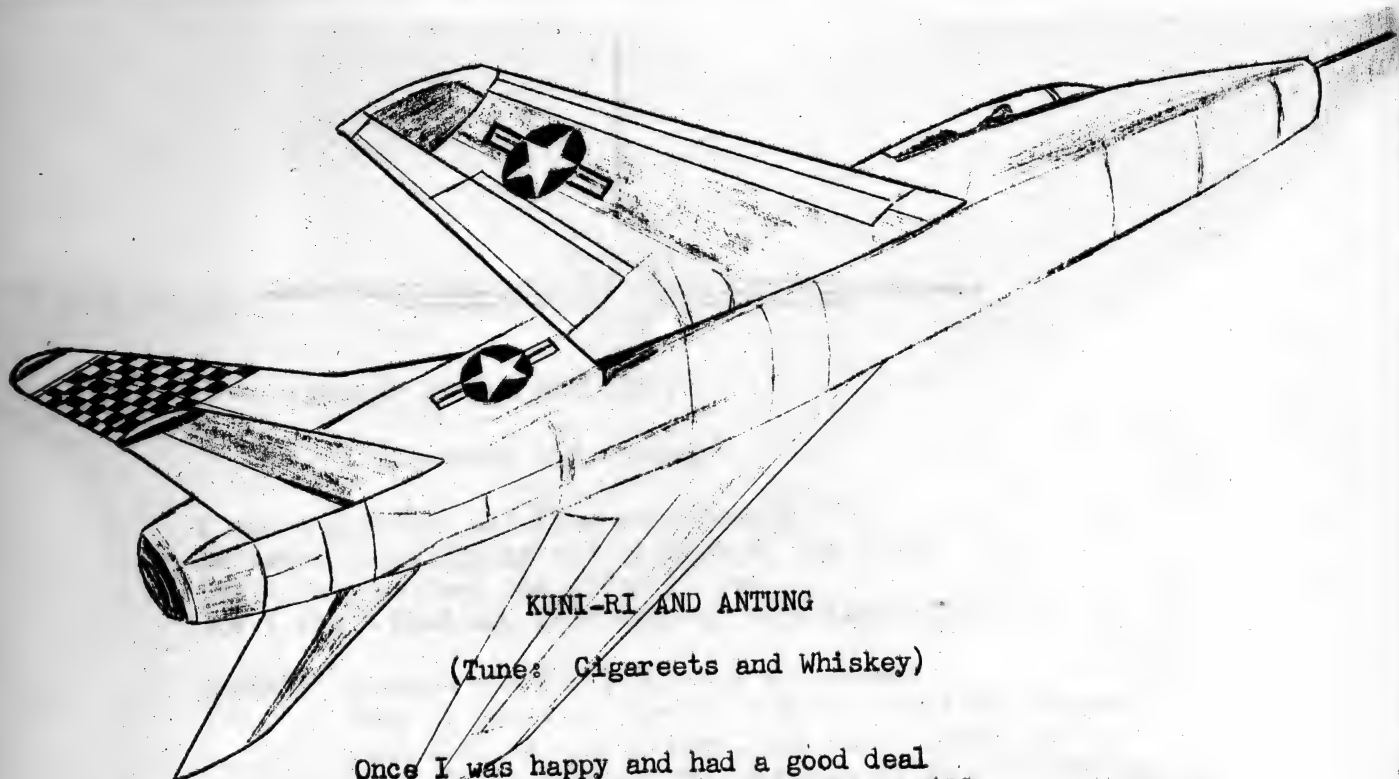
### ODE TO THE B-29

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR,  
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR,  
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right,  
"George" is flying with all his might! GROWR, GROWR, GROWR!!

("Songs of the 357th FIS")





### KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal  
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville  
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"  
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS! Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild Wild Pyong-yang  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

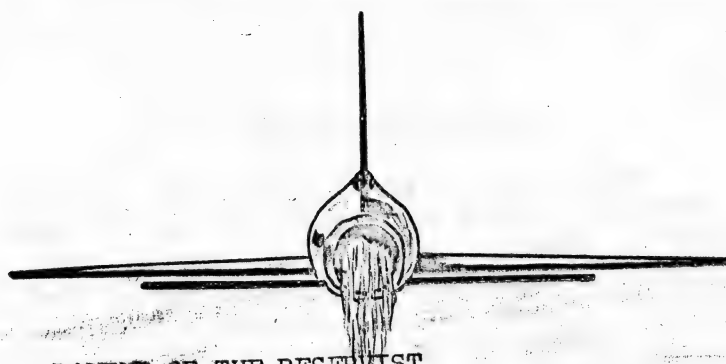
We go down to briefing while it is still night  
We lift off the runway before it is light  
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way  
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead  
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds  
We drop our big tips and we break to the right  
"Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup  
We swear that the leader is doing a loop  
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2  
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to jam it - my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

("Songs of the Forty-Ninth  
Fighter-Bomber Group")



## LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigareets and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew on weekends  
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends  
But I am a retread and older I grow  
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinnak  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane  
Quad fifties and forties, and one handred sorties  
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet  
At 35,000 how fat can you get?  
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train  
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air  
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair  
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group  
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap  
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map  
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight  
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to MiG Alley, S-2 said no sweat  
If I had not looked 'round, I'd be up there yet  
Six MiGs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled "Break!"  
Sixty-one and three thousand, how my knees did shake!

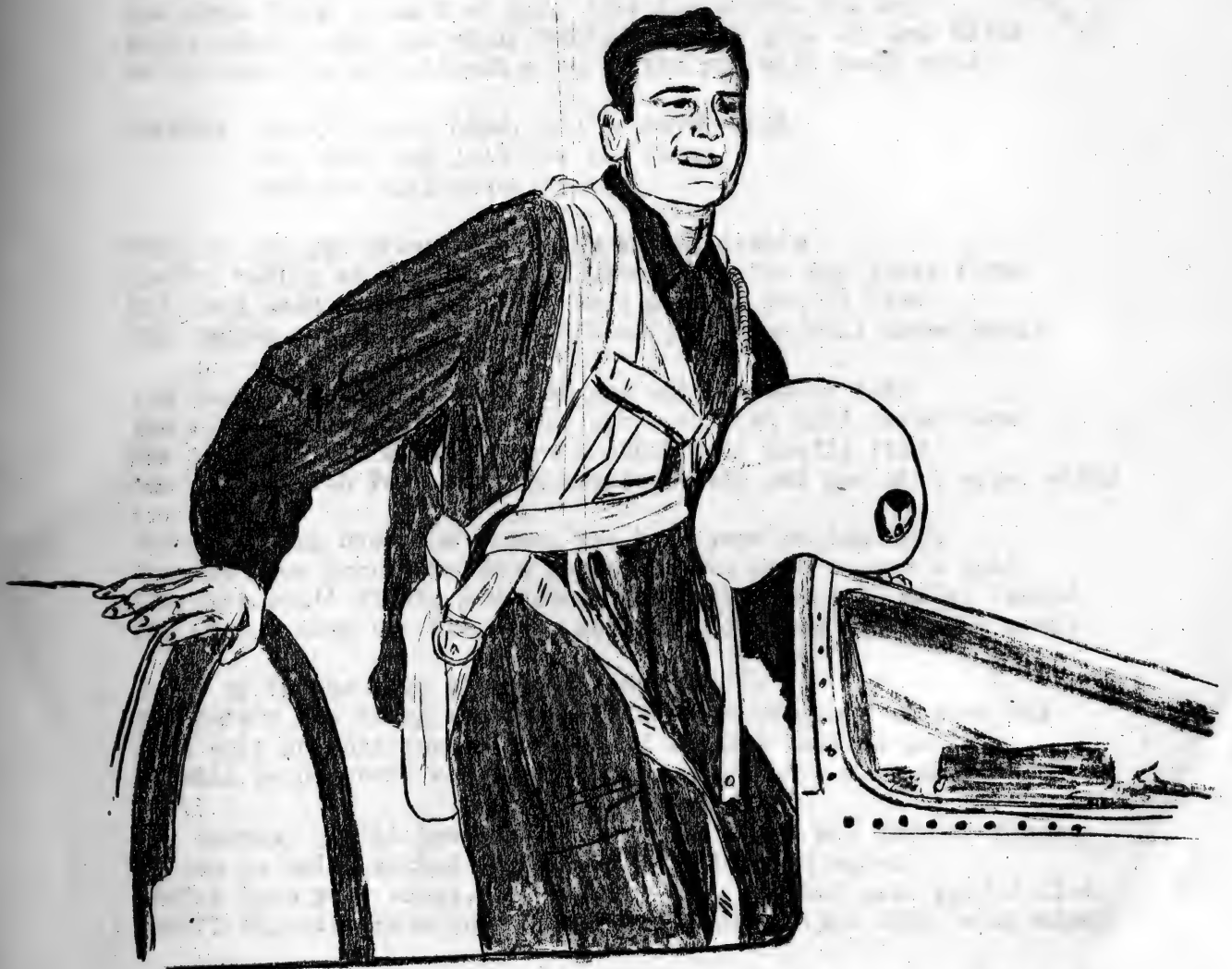
If I live through a hundred and they ask for more  
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore  
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care  
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

(The above version of "Lament of the Reservist" is reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me." Similar versions appear in "Songs of the 357th" and "Songs of Nellis AFB.")

. HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

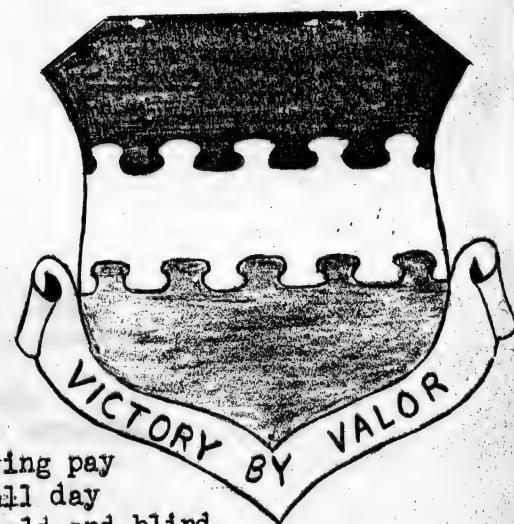
Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps  
Hail to all the airmen who braved the skies before  
We're on the road to victory, thumbs up forever more  
Hail to the squadrons flying high  
Hail to the men who rule the sky  
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

("Songs of the Army Flyers," "Songs of SOC")



WARNING

## COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE



Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay  
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day  
While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
Oh, come and join the Air Force  
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer  
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find  
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear  
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind!

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit  
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit  
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six  
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames  
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names  
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn  
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham  
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind  
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

(It is interesting to note that the version appearing in "Songs of the Army Flyers" which was published in 1935 and those in the books published during the Korean War are practically identical. Instead of a Fokker shooting you down, it's a MiG-15. The verses above are from the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI SONGS" "Songs of the Army Flyers," "Songs of Nellis AFB," "Songs of the 357th.")



## TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke  
Look just like a little gook  
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat  
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"  
Me work in rice-paddy  
Go Geisha house and drink saki  
Me jo-to Number One Japanese boy-san!

## MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Tune: Meet Me In St. Louis)

Meet me in Kyoto Moto  
Meet me at the shrine  
Take your shoes off when you enter  
Or you'll pay a fine  
We will have some Sukiyaki  
Then we'll have a cup of Saki  
If you'll meet me in Kyoto Moto  
Meet me at the shrine!

## ITAZUKE ORT

(Tune: When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
In the Itazuke ORT  
Other pilots went to briefing  
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping  
Hotter stones you'll never see  
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each fiasco  
We excelled in proficiency  
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang  
In the Itazuke ORT!

(All songs from "Songs of the 8th  
Fighter-Bomber Wing")





## THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION

(Tune: Strawberry Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold Sunday morn  
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn  
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat  
The Form One had a red line, I'll bet you on that.

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich  
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch  
We pushed on power, the farted and stalled  
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

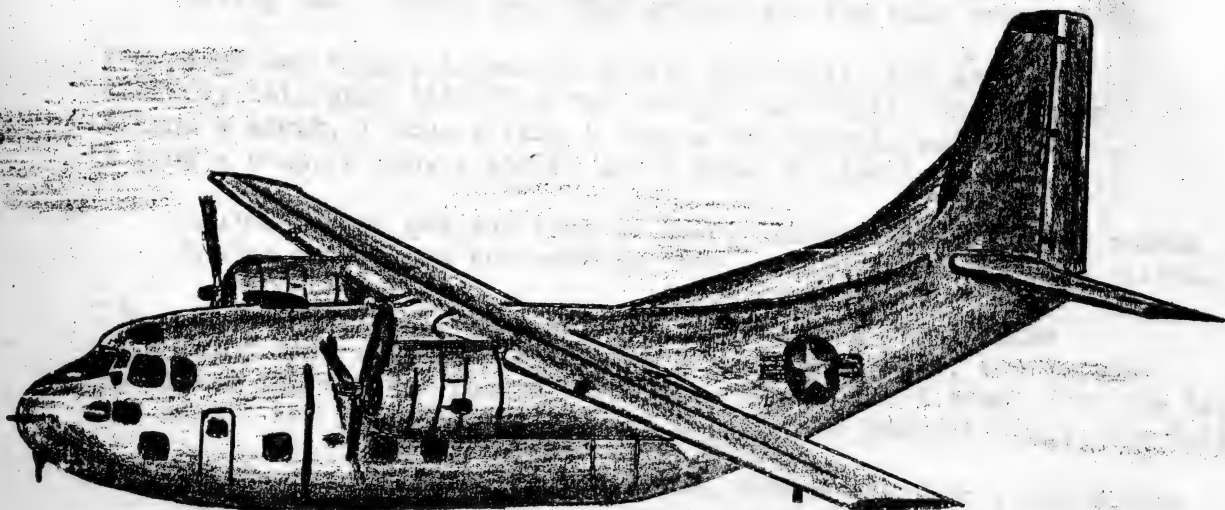
We call to the tower, "Single engine," we say  
"What the Hell," said the tower, "We got them all day."  
"Go Around," said the tower, "We can't let you land  
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand."

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim  
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim  
We turned on final and free fell the gear  
The Engineer murmured, "Please have no fear."

The pilot was scared, the co-pilot too  
The Engineer had all he could do  
The runway was coming and coming up fast  
One third of the runway had already passed.

We pulled off power and she settled in fast  
That One-twenty-three had landed at last!

(309th Troop Carrier Group)





### AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME?

We were fat back in the Truman's  
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine  
When they said, "You're going over  
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager  
To get one hundred and go home  
But they slipped the finger to us  
And left us here - far o'er the foam.

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters  
Making rules so much unkind  
It's the same the whole world over  
Isn't it a bloody shame!

Shed a tear when you think of us,  
Sitting here on old K-2  
While you sleep with all our sweethearts  
As we fly the old Yalu.

("Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group,"  
by E.S.W.)

### BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: Barnacle Bill The Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor  
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator  
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy  
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

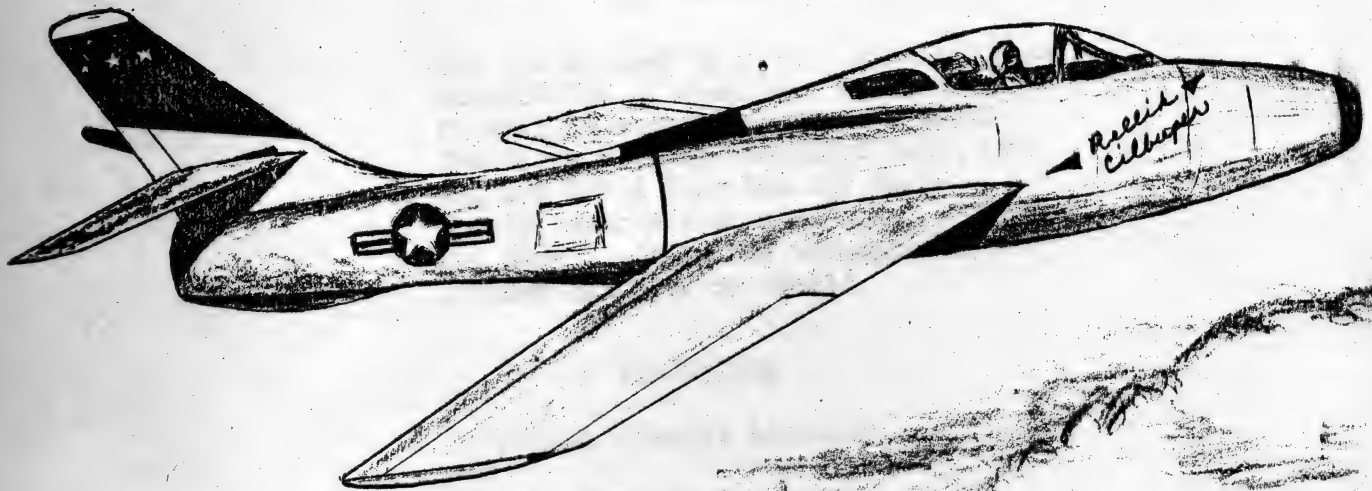
I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator  
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator  
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin  
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden  
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden.

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator  
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator  
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick  
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden  
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

("The Three Hats," Volume II)



### SONG OF THE 18TH

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang  
And the mountains are high and wide  
If my engine quits, you can write off a Mustang  
Cause I'm fixing to go over the side!

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission  
And the Chinks started throwing up flak  
He said, "Run 'em up, boys, and we'll clean out our engines  
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie  
Cause you work so close to the troops  
You get hit twelve times by a '20 or a '40  
And your engine coughs and sputters and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow  
And the Chinks start blazing away  
And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow  
Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission  
And I guess I'm here to stay  
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition  
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

(Contributed by Lt. Jim Daleo)

### THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane  
Constructed of steel and tin  
It will do over three hundred level  
The plane with the tailwind built in!  
Oh, why did I join the Air Force  
Mother, dear Mother knew best  
For here I lie in the wreckage  
Invader all over my chest!

### BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground  
We won't take off till the sun goes down  
We fly blackbirds . . .  
Go in low and come out fast,  
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks  
We fly blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us  
You should hear the malarky they hand us  
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right  
Because we're standing down tonight  
Blackbirds we fly.

### FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok  
Wherever the red trucks go  
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,  
But there is one thing I know;  
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,  
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling  
Dentist, oh Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide  
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix  
I'm lost in the night . . .

("Songs of the Friendly Eighth")







### NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)  
There were husbands and wives  
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)  
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my D.F.C.  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when those rockets went down (Hit the steeple)  
All the people ran like hell  
When those rockets hit the bell  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through  
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through  
It was when I hit the silk - oh my God I strained my milk!  
It was sad when that pilot went down!

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad  
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)  
There were husbands and wives  
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

("Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group"  
with additional verse by Capt. Clayton  
Silliman)



## THE FIGHTING 68TH

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a story of Squadron 68  
Came over from Ashiya to join the Fighting Eighth  
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew  
They don't belong in a Fighter Group, but what can Chitty do?

CHORUS: La da da da - What can he do?  
La da da da - What can he do?  
La da da da - What can he do?  
Oh, they don't belong in a fighter group  
But what can Chitty do?

They fly their old nite fighters, they take off after dark  
They don't know what they're doing, they're just out for a lark  
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch  
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch!

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few  
We often hear nite fighters saying "Moonshine, is that you?"  
"Moonshine, this is Feminine, this is Feminine I say  
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars to land, they're in our way!"

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

## THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Fill that barrel up - We'll drink a loving cup - To bombers one by one  
Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow - For tomorrow never comes  
Here's a health to Anti Aircraft - Here's a bumper to Pursuit, God help them  
Join in all of you - We'll drink a barrel to the Old Bombardment Group.

("Songs of the Army Flyers," "The Three Hats")

## RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut  
That streak of railroad track  
But I'm afraid that all I did  
Was dodge that flying flak  
I know that one is all it takes  
To blow my ass apart  
Why can't I get just one rail cut  
And melt your cold, cold heart?

("Repulsive Rhapsodies")



## MY DARLING 39

(Tune: My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the cobra  
Trying hard to reach the line  
But alas my engine faltered  
Fare thee well my 39!

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling  
Oh my darling 39  
You are lost and gone forever  
Fare thee well my 39.

When you're spinning very flatly  
And you've got a worried mind  
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack  
Bid farewell to your 39!

All the brass hats in our Congress  
They have signed the dotted line  
They are lucky they just bought it  
They don't fly the 39!

("Songs of SOC")

## OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die  
Old soldiers never die, they just fade a—way.  
Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy  
Old sailors never buy, they just sail away.  
Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly  
Old pilots never fly, they just draw their pay!

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

## MOVEN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet  
It's the 49th in full retreat  
They're moven on, they'll soon be gone  
They've pushed around just long enough  
They're moven on.

Hey GI you pissed off me  
What's the matter you got no VD  
I'm moven on, I'll soon be gone  
Honey bucket turned over in the middle of the road  
I'm moven on.

Mama-san moven down the track  
With a GI baby strapped on her back  
She's moven on, she'll soon be gone  
If she catches GI papa-san  
He'll be moven on!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies")



## AIR CORPS LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory . . . . . Flying Regulations  
Have them read at every station  
Circify the man who breaks one  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

My hands have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,  
A mighty Airborne Legion sent to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-boats when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like pussies and they hang their heads in shame  
Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring us back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell.

Now the Mighty Flying Fortress and the Liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty and our altars are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your bounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 clears you with its moanin' groanin' squeal  
And it won't climb to hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting man that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Corps gone to hell.

("Songs of the 357th FIS")

## PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had The Wings Of An Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen  
We will tell you a story sad but true  
Of many who wear wings but are not happy  
Gather 'round while we sing this song to you!

The many who wear wings but are not happy  
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts  
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman  
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment  
Why the gloom as dark as any a blacked-out loop  
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you  
I'm not a member of the \_\_\_\_\_ Fighter Group!

## TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HOME TO THE FOLKS

Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot  
Early in the morning?

Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber  
Early in the morning.

We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded  
Early in the morning.

We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit  
Early in the morning.

Ten thousand dollars home to the folks  
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks  
An engine goes ka-flovey - another pilot croaks  
And it's ten thousand dollars home to the folks.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 8th  
Fighter-Bomber Wing")





### THREE DRINKING SONGS

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Oh..... The liquor was spilt on the bar room floor  
And..... The bar was closed for the night  
When.... Out of his hole the little mouse crept  
And..... He sat in the pale moon light.

He..... Licked up the liquor on the bar room floor  
Then.... On his haunches he sat  
And..... All night long you could hear him roarr:  
"Bring On Your God Damn Cat, Hic, Cat, Hic, Cat!"



### ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I was a ram, I would make them run faster

CHORUS: So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon!

If all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I was a hare, I would teach them bad habits

If all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee, I would buzz them for hours

If all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens

If all little girls were like little ole turtles  
And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles

### CHICKEN SONG

(SOFT) We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, honey it's striking me funny  
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay  
One day a rooster flew into the yard  
And caught the chickens right off their guard

(LOUD) They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do  
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do  
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard.



AIR FORCE HYMN

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly  
Thro' the great spaces of the sky  
Be with them traversing the air  
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who doth keep with tender might  
The balanced birds in all their flight  
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,  
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit  
What time, adventuring, they quit  
The firm security of land;  
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,  
Uphold them with Thy saving grace  
O God, protect the men that fly  
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

(Words by Many Hamilton, 1915.  
Copied from AIR FORCE TIMES,  
16 October 1954)





"I know that I shall meet my fate  
Somewhere among the clouds above  
Those I fight I do not hate  
Those I guard I do not love....  
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight  
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds  
A lonely impulse of delight  
Drove to this tumult in the clouds  
I balanced all, brought all to mind  
The years to come seem waste of breath  
A waste of breath the years behind  
In balance with this life, this death."

An Irish Airman Forsees His Death  
by William Butler Yeats



